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IN CHICAGO it is "America First"—but keep your hand on your gun! In an impressive series of articles, Dudley Nichols in the New York *World* writes of the gangs that terrorize the city on Lake Michigan, of the old-time "red-eye" that flows like water, of city politicians "fixed" in advance so that bootlegging may go on fast and furiously, of murders committed as casually and good-naturedly as if they were afternoon calls. Not since the old days of New York gangdom, now happily gone forever, have we heard the like. Time was when a man in a good suit of clothes could not walk near New York's waterfront after dark without just fear of being blackjacked and robbed, or even killed and rolled into the river. And that time was little more than twenty-five years ago! Now Chicago is having its turn. If prohibition is the cause of this new outburst of anarchy in a city of three million persons, then down with prohibition; but probably it is not the entire cause. After all, a city that a century ago was a cluster of log huts with fewer than 100 persons living in them, a city that fifty years ago had grown to half a million inhabitants, and now boasts nearly six times that number, is still too near the frontier to have forgotten all the best frontier methods of city government and individual behavior. Chicago is the world's biggest and worst of Urban Bad Boys. In time it may grow up—it may even elect a new mayor—if all the citizens do not kill each other off either by drinking each other's whiskey or stopping each other's bullets.

MURDER IN TEXAS at $5,000 a head is developing into a fair-sized industry. This sum is the reward offered by the Texas Bankers' Association for the murderers of persons who, in the judgment of either a police officer or a private citizen, are apprehended *and killed* while in the act of robbing or being about to rob a bank. Bank robbers caught alive are not worth a cent. Now comes Captain Frank Hamer, of the State Ranger force, charging that incitement to bank robbery on a grand scale is going on in Texas for the sake of the reward. According to Captain Hamer's signed statement

> It is worth noting that most of the successful bandit killings have been at night. It so happens that it is not a capital offense to rob a bank at night, that is, without firearms and without endangering human life. . . . In one instance two men were killed who had nothing with them that would enable them to get into the vault of the bank once they were inside the building.
>
> Repeatedly men who have been killed were not professional bank robbers. . . . In one instance the men killed did have in their possession an acetylene torch of the kind used by experienced bank robbers, but it was impossible to find, either on the persons of the dead or anywhere about, tips for this torch. Without these tips the torch was useless.

SEVEN MEN, Captain Hamer charges, have already been killed while at or near the premises of some Texas bank, although no evidence has been adduced to show that they were about to commit robbery. At the invitation of Governor Dan Moody, Captain Hamer is testifying before various grand juries in the counties wherein murders of "bank robbers" have already taken place. Last week he appeared before a grand jury in Upton County and urged the arrest of men who he believes are members of a "murder ring," engaged in "framing" innocent men at $5,000 a head. It remains to be seen what action will be taken, but both Governor Moody and Adjutant General R. L. Robertson are backing Hamer in his fight against the bankers' reward and Hamer himself is one of the best-known and liked of Texas Rangers. It might be cheaper in the long run if the bankers would withdraw their award before any grand jury has had time to take action. It would be infinitely more sensible and civilized.

ONE BEGINS TO PITY THE KLAN, or at least the Klansmen. If one-quarter of the story now being told by D. C. Stephenson, former King Kleagle of the Indiana Klan, is true, the members of that organization are victims

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of one of the most gigantic tricks in American history. Stephenson, to be sure, is in jail for murder, and his story is in part an obvious attempt to revenge himself on those who deserted him; but its circumstantial accounts of murder, blackmail, character assassination, and violence arranged at the behest of the highest officials of the Klan are impressive. Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Klan, is the arch villain of Stephenson's story, and the account of that gentleman's methods must be startling to simple folk who thought the Klan an expression of "Americanism." Some of Stephenson's stories are borne out by other revelations in the intra-Klan dispute which is being fought through the Pittsburgh courts. The dissident group, whom the regulars sought to enjoin from interfering with the organization, assert that the Imperial Wizard openly recommended staging a second riot like that at Carnegie, Pennsylvania, as a means of arousing more interest in paying memberships; and they admit participation in attempted lynchings and similar crimes.

AT THE NORTHWEST CONFERENCE of Farmer-Labor and Progressive parties held in St. Paul on March 28, composed of "representatives from the Farmer-Labor Association of Minnesota, the Progressive Party of Illinois, the Progressive farmers of Iowa, the Farmer-Labor Party of Montana, the Progressive Party of Idaho, and the Farmer-Labor Party of North Dakota and other progressive political groups," a resolution was adopted favoring the formation of a "national party in the interest of the producing classes." The conference announced its intention of joining forces with representatives of the unionists and progressives of nineteen States who had convened at Chicago the previous week, and of calling a national convention in Chicago on July 4, to inaugurate the new party and choose candidates for President and Vice-President. It agreed on few principles; even the resolution quoted above met with opposition, some of the delegates doubting the possibility of mustering sufficient strength for a new national party, others opposing the very idea of a "class" party. The conference agreed on one thing: indorsement of Senator George W. Norris as the new party's candidate for President. But his acceptance of such a nomination is problematical, and unless the national convention can agree on at least a few basic desires and intentions, it will be difficult to take this particular third-party movement seriously or even hopefully.

IN CHINA the American Government has taken the lead in "settling" the Nanking affair of March 24, 1927. "Settling" such affairs is pretty much a face-saving matter for all concerned. The succeeding Nationalist governments, each more conservative than its predecessor, had already executed several score "radicals" charged with complicity in the anti-foreign outbreak of last spring—indeed, some 10,000 alleged Communists seem to have been butchered in China in the last year without arousing an iota of that indignant moral protest with which the foreigners in China greeted the seizure of land by the radicals last spring. Now the Nanking Government asserts—without specifications—that "it has been found" that the Nanking affair was "entirely instigated by Communists," but it will accept responsibility. Accordingly, it has disbanded the division which took part in the looting, and agrees to pay compensation for damage done. For the death of Dr. J. E. Williams, one of the finest American missionaries in China, there can, of course, be no compensation. This promise Mr. MacMurray has accepted, coupling with the acceptance a defense of the action of the American warships in bombarding a part of Nanking and a tempered expression of regret at the incident. Any friendly settlement is a gain, but it is unfortunate that the Chinese have been led to believe that wholesale murder of Communists facilitates friendship with the "civilized" West.

FARM RELIEF is again before Congress, with possibly more important consequences than at any time heretofore. The effect upon the farmers will probably be slight, whatever happens, but among the politicians the results may be considerable. In the main the McNary-Haugen bill is the same measure that Congress passed and the President vetoed last year. Instead of limiting emergency relief to six basic products, as heretofore, the new proposal extends the possible scope of first aid to all farm products. It is also provided that the President shall have a free hand in appointing the board to administer the act, one from each federal land-bank district. Last year's bill limited him to nominations made by farm organizations, a point criticized by President Coolidge as probably unconstitutional. But the kernel of the old bill remains—the equalization fee by which the public would have to pay in higher prices for establishing artificial selling prices to domestic consumers. The measure is a farmers' tariff and cannot logically be opposed by an apostle of protection like the Republican Party. Even so steady a supporter of the Administration as Senator Watson of Indiana has felt the pressure of farm sentiment to be such that he has lately come out for the equalization fee. Perhaps the Republican leaders think that it will be safe to let Congress pass and the President veto the McNary-Haugen bill again, on the ground that Mr. Coolidge is not running for office but his party is; that the West will be pleased with the gesture and the East satisfied with the result. But what will the Republican candidate for President say when he is asked for his views?

THE PRICE OF RUBBER STRETCHES when the automobile factories in the United States are busy; and it contracts when automobile production is low. That is the fact behind the low prices of rubber seven years ago, which led to the Stevenson price-fixing effort in the British colonies; behind the high prices in 1925, which led Mr. Hoover to scream against the British "rubber monopoly"; behind the present decision of the British Government to abandon the attempt to keep prices up by restricting production. The Dutch planters, who refused to restrict, also played their part, as did, to a much lesser degree, the Hoover program of reclaiming old rubber in the United States. In 1920 this country produced 2,205,197 automobiles, and rubber boomed; in 1921 production fell to 1,592,041 cars, and the bottom dropped out of the rubber market. It was then that the British Government decided to limit the export of rubber whenever the price fell below a certain level. In 1923 America's automobile factories hummed again; that year they turned out 3,900,000 cars. The price of rubber went rocketing; and as automobile production continued high in 1924 and 1925 rubber prices leaped and jumped. But while the British were holding down their rubber production the canny Dutch were coining money. In 1920 the British plantations produced 275,000 out of a

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total world production of 368,000 tons of rubber; in 1927 the British produced 297,000 tons, but the world total had risen to 604,000. The Dutch were making the profits, though the United States Rubber Company, hoping to share in them, had invested $25,000,000 in East Indian rubber plantations of its own, Harvey Firestone had turned Liberia into a rubber republic, and the Philippines had been shaken by the echoes of the rubber war. Another effort at artificial price-fixing has failed, but the chief lesson of the story is the economic interdependence of remote parts of the world.

SOSTHENES BEHN, who ten years ago was an obscure Porto Rican sugar planter, has never been interviewed for any newspaper. But he has just engineered the organization of the International Communications Corporation, merging the International Telephone and Telegraph Company with the Mackay system, which includes the Postal Telegraph system and the Commercial Cables. J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank are represented on his board, but the retiring Colonel Behn is president and executive head of the new company, which will control 62,899 miles of cables, out of a total world mileage of 260,000. Compared to the 121,256 miles of cable controlled by the amalgamated Eastern Telegraph Company and the Marconi Company this seems small, but it is a threat which the British capitalists will heed. Their frantic and successful endeavor to keep Behn from winning control of the Brazilian Traction Company last year is a sample of their determination. But Behn's companies are conducting a world-wide campaign. They will open radio stations at Honolulu in June and at Manila in September; they have cable lines connecting Florida with Cuba and Porto Rico; they have recently opened three radio stations in the West Indies; and the Mackay radio station recently opened at Saybrook, Long Island, has communicated experimentally with the Indian Ocean and is expected to be able to reach any part of the world on short wave-lengths. They control the Spanish, Mexican, and Chilean telephone system, and have companies in Brazil and Uruguay and equipment factories in Belgium, China, Argentina, France, Japan, Norway, Spain, Italy, England, Australia, and Austria. Sosthenes Behn may, a century hence, loom considerably larger than Calvin Coolidge.

IT IS A LONG TIME since the transatlantic steamship companies have taken a serious step toward higher speed. The American project for a daily express service of vessels at thirty knots—depending, as it does, on a heavy government subsidy in the way of cheap construction loans and many other factors—may be set down as probably a vision of the future rather than as a possibility of the present, but when old-established lines like the White Star and the Cunard promise, each one, to have a 1000-foot 28-knot liner in service in 1931 we are touching reality. The White Star Line has already ordered its vessel; it is to be begun within two months at the famous Harland and Wolfe yards in Belfast at an estimated cost of $25,000,000. The gross tonnage of the new steamship is to be 55,000; it is expected to show a maximum speed of 28 knots an hour and an actual cruising speed of 26 knots—at least one knot better than the Mauretania of the Cunard Line. The fact that the "Big Mary" has been allowed to hold the speed championship of the ocean for twenty years indicates the lull that has rested over the waters in that respect. Recent effort has all been toward greater size and increased luxury. Now, apparently, the companies see a demand for speed. Or is it that they discern competition from the dirigible?

CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S SUCCESS IN LIFE was largely due to his ability to be amusing and entertaining. As an after-dinner speaker and jester he was for decades in great demand and rarely grew stale or unwelcome. In his youth he left his father's home because he espoused the cause of the slave and his father would not. But that seemed to exhaust his capacity for revolt and for humanitarianism, and thereafter he conformed in a most conservative manner, both in politics and in railroading. In the latter his advancement was clearly due to his social tact and his ability to manage men. There was a long time during which he and his railroad were the most demoralizing and corrupting force in Albany. It may, however, be said in his behalf that there were few railroad presidents in his time who took any different attitude and that those who "did business" with legislators were very often blackmailed and threatened by unscrupulous members of the legislature. As is always the case, the more the railroads sought to obtain immunity or privileges the more and the greater the "strikes" and the demands they had to face. It was not money alone that was used. Passes for free rides and social, political, and business favors of every kind did their part until the installation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and a changing public sentiment toward both public-service corporations and the maintenance of railroad lobbies began a different era. If the situation is not yet ideal it is so improved as to bear almost no relation to the conditions which ruled when Mr. Depew began his activities on behalf of the New York Central Railroad.

MR. DEPEW OUTLIVED THIS CHAPTER in his career; he grew steadily in the affections of the public. Not, however, because he rendered conspicuous service in the Senate at Washington, for there he was a conventional railroad Senator, but because, as his years piled up and he passed first threescore and ten, and then fourscore, he became a New York institution. He was a link with the past, always witty, usually entertaining, a repository of much personally experienced history and of incidents of friendship with every leading public man from the Civil War to recent years. His admiration for Lincoln was always intense; of all the orators he had heard during close to eighty years he declared Wendell Phillips to have been the greatest—a judgment worth recording for one who probably spoke at more public dinners with more public speakers than any other American. Of all his unusual experiences nothing seems to us more amusing than his unveiling his own statue in Peekskill in 1918—and delivering the oration at the same time. He had given the statue to his native city in his own honor! Ambrose Bierce, twenty-five years ago, wrote a cruel but honest "ante-mortem epitaph" upon Depew:

> Stranger, uncover; here you have in view
> The monument of Chauncey M. Depew.
> Eater and orator, the whole world round
> For feats of tongue and tooth alike renowned.
> Pauper in thought but prodigal in speech,
> Nothing he knew excepting how to teach.
> But in default of something to impart
> He multiplied his words with all his heart.

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The Blue Menace

"I THINK public laughter will soon take care of the blacklist," says President Faunce of Brown University, whose name appeared upon the D. A. R. list. William Allen White is less placid, but he is doing his share to set public laughter in action. He laughed the Ku Klux Klan out of Kansas, and he is now laughing Klanism out of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

> I do not claim [he says] that Mrs. Brosseau [president-general of the D. A. R.] is a Kamelia of the Klan. Far from it. But she accepted this list from a bunch of professional witch-burning Red-baiters in Washington. . . . The D. A. R. has thus yanked the Klan out of its cow pastures and set it down in the breakfast-room of respectability. . . . Mrs. Brosseau is a lovely lady with many beautiful qualities of heart and mind, but in her enthusiasm she has allowed several lengths of Ku Klux nightie to show under her red, white, and blue.

The blacklist, as Mr. White says, is a Klannish list. Jewish, Catholic, and Negro organizations are prima facie suspect. As a matter of fact, the list includes almost every man, woman, and organization in America who, or which, has ever sought to achieve any reform or change whatsoever. It includes the American Association of University Women, the Farmers National Council, the Council of Women for Home Missions, the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the Foreign Policy Association, the National Association for Child Development, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, etc., etc., almost ad infinitum. It is an honor roll of American life. Citizens and groups whose names are missing ought to apply for membership.

In the opposition to every reform movement lies the significance of the whole network of blacklists from which the D. A. R. list derives its inspiration. The D. A. R. did not invent the idea of a blacklist; indeed the D. A. R. probably does not deserve the special opprobrium which is coming to be attached to its name. It merely happens to be peculiarly dramatic and humorous that an organization which sets out to worship the revolutionaries of a century and a half ago should join in a crusade of religious persecution against those who dare to criticize anything American today.

We were not quite so silly before the war. This heretic-hunting, this blacklisting and proscribing is an afterproduct of the violent nationalism of war days. Mrs. Brosseau, perhaps, would honestly like to go back to those emotional days when individual thinking was a crime, when the Government, through Apostle Creel, told the citizens what to think, and they obeyed. We have grown out of the nadir of that madness but there are still men like Fred R. Marvin of the "Key Men of America," who make a living out of intolerance, providing the more extreme sections of the Klan, the Legion, the D. A. R. with blacklists and false biographies of men and women who dare to think for themselves. This little group was responsible, through the Legion, for barring Sherwood Eddy from various Southern cities last winter; it has closed scores of colleges to any expression of liberal opinion; it is attempting today to keep Frederick J. Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, out of East Orange, New Jersey, to drive Professor Thomas Woody, who rightly and bravely called the patrioteers "monstrosities," out of the University of Pennsylvania, to shut down the Ford Hall Forum in Boston. Wherever a liberal or progressive goes, these wasps of reaction follow, seeking not so much to injure the liberal as to poison the community into refusing to listen to what the liberal may have to say. They set up a narrow religion of Americanism, and seek to convince the country that whoever disagrees is sinful.

Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie of Boston is leading a movement of protest, worthy of the ancestors from whom the D. A. R. takes its name, against the debasement of the D. A. R. into a tool of such reactionary conformity. Her revelation of the distinguished names barred by the Daughters confirms what Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt said of that organization a year ago—that it is making "mendacious, brutal attacks upon thousands of Americans who never saw a Bolshevik in their lives." Yet protest should not be too much directed against the absurdities of this particular list. William Allen White dwells upon the respectability of many of the people proscribed; we would plead also for the least respectable. Mrs. Brosseau says her blacklist does not violate free speech. She does not know what the words mean. As Bernard Shaw once said:

> It is not possible to make the ordinary moral man understand what toleration and liberty mean. He will accept them verbally with alacrity, even with enthusiasm . . . but what he means by toleration is toleration of doctrines that he considers enlightened, and, by liberty, liberty to do what he considers right: that is, he does not mean toleration or liberty at all; for there is no need to tolerate what appears enlightened or to claim liberty to do what most people consider right. *Toleration and liberty have no sense or use except as toleration of opinions that are considered damnable, and liberty to do what seems wrong.*

Mrs. Brosseau and her sisters in ancestor-worship could spend a profitable half-hour turning the pages of the deliberations of the Continental Congress, rereading the Declaration of Independence ("All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed"), pondering the writings of Thomas Jefferson ("If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it"). *The Nation*, like the other Americans whose names are honored in these blacklists, does not, as it happens, want to change the republican form of government, but we do want free and full discussion wherever any man sees something which he believes requires remedy. There is, in our judgment, no Red menace in America, but, as some Boston ministers are pointing out, there is a Blue menace. Mrs. Brosseau has a right to state her own opinions, but not to block expression of opposing views. No extreme of free speech is so dangerous as the stifling conformism of silly blacklists. As Wendell Phillips put it, "If there is anything in the universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack."

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Alice Out of Wonderland

ONE child, at least, wept when the last sentences of Alice-the-never-to-be-forgotten were read aloud for the first time by a parent. Not that there is anything doleful in those last words, although to be sure their cadence is a little minor. More likely it was the dim realization, even at six years old, that here was a felicity never to be experienced in quite the same way again. Alice was finished; she had wakened from her sleep; her dream was over. She would dream again many times, but never again for the first time. Some such thought may have occurred to Mrs. Alice Hargreaves, the Alice of sixty years ago, as she sat the other day in Sotheby's Auction Rooms in London and listened to the fantastic price of $75,259 being bid for the manuscript of "Lewis Carroll's" story. She had been the very first to hear it; she had sat with her sisters on a smooth, green river-bank one summer afternoon and had heard the beginnings of Alice in Wonderland from Charles L. Dodgson himself. There was a beginning indeed, the beginning of a story that was to go round and round the earth, that was to delight the ears and warm the hearts of uncounted millions of children and men and women, that was to be the source of as many quotations as Hamlet, and the rod by which books for children will be measured until English no longer is spoken.

This is high praise, and there are a few malcontents who will deny its justice. But for the vast majority of persons to whom Alice is known, the memory of that little figure in flat-heeled strap pumps, with a cord bound high around her waist under her arms, and another about her loose hair, is somehow irretrievably tangled in their lives. Sir John Tenniel, who drew the pictures for the original edition, has helped to give this impression. The mathematician of Oxford who invented Alice out of his orderly mind, with a real child on a bank beside him to help out, did more. It is reported that Queen Victoria, delighted with the story of Alice, wrote Mr. Dodgson that she would be pleased to honor him by perusing other specimens of his writing. Whereat he sent her: "The Algebraic Formula for Responsing," "The Fifth Book of Euclid Treated Algebraically," and one or two besides. Which is just another way of saying that Alice was a miracle, like all great works of the imagination, and that for a few hours angels or good fairies or Pegasus himself flew near an Oxford Don and brushed him with their wings.

However this may have been, Alice has changed hands for the first time in her life, and may soon be taken out of wonderland forever. If she is, it will be to come to a new wonderland, younger and in some respects more wonderful than the old, where she will be no less gently treated or highly regarded than she was in her original home. The purchase of the "Lewis Carroll" manuscript by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, presumably for an American customer when one shall have been found, has been bitterly lamented by Americans as well as Englishmen, and Dr. Rosenbach's offer to sell it back to the British Museum for the price he paid only partially helps matters. But Alice can never be taken away from those who know her, and of them the number is small who will ever see, or who have ever seen, the manuscript itself. And it has been said, perhaps too harshly, that those Englishmen in possession of literary or artistic treasures must value them less than the price Americans offer to pay for them, or they would never let them go. Certainly it is true that there have always been English bidders to compete with American, even though they were able to offer less at the end.

There is, of course, not much logic in these matters. And the fact is that much of the disaffection felt by the British with Americans is because English pictures or books or castles are traveling across the ocean at an alarming rate. Nor is England herself blameless in this respect; there are Italian and French and Dutch and Flemish paintings in the London National Gallery that were not all put there with the blessing of their original owners; there are the Elgin marbles, handsomely mounted in the British Museum, a whited sepulcher which should ever reproach those who consented to have them torn out of their rightful setting. Here, too, logic is less important than passion. But if logic will not help Alice in America, there will be plenty of the most enduring affection to make her welcome. Let her take ship and sail three thousand miles, let her disembark at a strange shore, let her look into the faces of 100,000,000 strangers—and surely she will not be frightened when she sees to how few of them she is a stranger herself!

T. W. Richards

THE Nobel prize in chemistry has been awarded to but one American, Theodore William Richards. His death at the age of sixty and at the height of his research powers leaves much undone that lesser men can hardly attempt. His unfinished work on the physical properties of atoms and the forces which hold them together in solids expresses his unique love for facts. His determinations of the atomic weights of two dozen elements will probably stand for all time as authoritative values, while his development of precise methods of analysis furnished a new tool to chemists and set a model of critical thinking and of careful work that is unequaled in pure intellectual beauty. In an age of soaring imagination, of hypotheses and mathematical abstractions, Professor Richards quietly asked: "What, just what, are the facts?" Theories were to him merely the scaffolding for the erection of a solid edifice of fact, and he was confident that the structure thus slowly created would surpass any product of fantasy.

When the Curies discovered radium and Rutherford showed that the atom is not the "hard, massy particle" of Isaac Newton's day, but rather a complex, vibrant world, bristling with energy, some one suggested that Richards's painstaking years spent on atomic weights were no longer significant and that the weight of an atom no longer represented a fundamental or controlling property. But Richards, who had been the first to show that the atoms of apparently identical elements may have different weights, depending on their inheritance, had an answer ready. If the weights of atoms do not have the simple significance we gave them, they are basic facts nevertheless and become even a greater challenge to our understanding. More than ever they are "mute witnesses of the coming of cosmos out of chaos."

When he began his work the very existence of the atom was a theory. That was long before the day when atoms could be observed one by one. An admirer who knew

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nothing of his work entertained him at a social function with the tribute: "Oh, Mr. Richards, what wonderful scales you must have to weigh those tiny atoms!" "Yes," he replied, "we weigh them in the scales of logic." Atoms have now become real chiefly through the work of physicists. Great advances in our knowledge of both matter and energy have come from the joining of physics and of chemistry in a common problem. Professor Richards was one of the first American proponents of physical chemistry, which has proved so much more powerful than either parent science alone. He long insisted that matter and energy are inseparable, that neither is significant without the other. Today we have, in hypothesis at least, the possible conversion of matter into energy or of energy into matter, and some of the anomalous but unquestionable atomic weights measured by Richards are explained on that basis. He began with a theory to build facts; he has left facts which challenge the theories.

His scholarship will be remembered, but his service to chemistry in America went far beyond his researches. He came to Harvard in 1885, a graduate of Haverford and, as he put it, "temperamentally a Quaker." He received the degree of Ph.D., at the age of twenty, and went to Germany to work with Jannasch, Hempel, Victor Meyer, and Ostwald. On his return to Harvard he took up the analytical investigations which had been begun there by his teacher, Josiah Parsons Cooke. Ira Remsen had brought the German inspiration to Johns Hopkins fifteen years earlier, and under Richards this emphasis on research and graduate study was expanded at Harvard with the sympathy of President Eliot, himself a chemist. Richards gave himself to the work with complete devotion but without that monastic spirit which had made research merely a private hobby. His personal charm and his fascinating lectures helped to attract the best students from all parts of the country, at a time when to be a chemist was hardly to be a gentleman. He was the first and for long the only American chemist to whom students came from Germany.

He lived to see chemistry established as the leading American science. Nearly a third of the Ph.D. degrees annually awarded in science are now in chemistry. His students direct chemical instruction and research in colleges from Boston to California and Saskatchewan. Scholarly research is their gospel. Chemical research is now in progress at 146 American colleges, with more than 2,000 graduate students at work. Even the world of finance keeps its eye on chemical research, and the leadership of Germany is seriously challenged. In Europe no chemist is considered fully trained unless he knows American chemistry. The war is, of course, largely responsible, but it is significant that the Nobel prize was awarded to Professor Richards before the war and that his students who are now leaders were trained in the pre-war days.

Essentially, however, Professor Richards was an artist. His father, William T. Richards, was a painter distinguished for his seascapes. His mother was a poet. He himself was a musician and an artist in water colors. He once said: "If I were asked to select the best chemist in any gathering I should find out first who played the 'cello best." It seemed obvious to him that scientific research is an expression of the same creative impulse that appears in all art. He did not live to see this truth generally recognized; research is still fostered chiefly because it pays, but there is evidence that scientific men are coming to a new point of view. T. W. Richards, a scholar among scientists and an artist among the scholars, guided American chemistry in its infancy and gave it a direction which will be effective for many years.

Calvin H. Goddard and *The Nation*

SOON after the publication of Arthur Warner's article, A Sacco Revolver Expert Revealed, in *The Nation* for December 7, Calvin H. Goddard, with whose activities in the Milazzo case in Cleveland the article dealt, sent a long reply, with the request that it be published and that certain statements made in the article be retracted. *The Nation* replied at once, stating that it had no desire to do Mr. Goddard any injustice and that if further investigation revealed that it had done so steps would be taken to set matters straight. Before this investigation had been completed, Mr. Goddard started suit for libel. This suit is now pending, and *The Nation's* answer has been served.

Our investigation has been completed, and careful attention has been given to all the points raised in Mr. Goddard's reply. Mr. Warner said in his article that a Cleveland detective had arrested a man named Milazzo in the belief that Milazzo might have been responsible for a murder committed a few weeks earlier; that the gun found on Milazzo had been taken, with the fatal bullets, to a bullet expert in New York, Mr. Goddard; and that "the expert found that the bullets had been fired from the revolver, upon learning which the Cleveland police charged Milazzo with the murder." Later it was discovered that the revolver in question had not left the factory until after the murder had been committed. Mr. Goddard's principal argument is that at the time when *The Nation* published Mr. Warner's article he—Mr. Goddard—had made no report upon the bullets "that was final in any sense of the word" and that his final report, submitted later, exonerated the defendant. *The Nation's* investigation, however, indicates that Mr. Goddard conducted various examinations of the bullets and made statements to the Cleveland police which led them to believe that it was his definite opinion that the fatal bullet had, in fact, been fired from Milazzo's pistol.

Mr. Goddard further takes exception to Mr. Warner's statement that last summer "Goddard announced that he had determined by new and positive tests the guilt of Nicola Sacco," and says that his finding was not that Sacco was guilty but "that the shell was fired in the Sacco pistol and could have been fired in no other and that the so-called fatal bullet was fired through it and could have been fired through no other." Mr. Goddard's statement is correct; and, indeed, Mr. Warner quoted his precise words in his article. It is none the less true that his report was generally understood to be a finding as to Sacco's guilt, and that, as Mr. Warner further stated, his report, receiving wide circulation, "must have had an appreciable effect in confirming public opinion on the side of the Lowell report."

In fairness to Mr. Goddard we make this explanation, but we cannot retract the statements made in Mr. Warner's article. Since Mr. Goddard has chosen to bring the case to court, we shall welcome the opportunity to present the facts in full and to have them passed upon judicially.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN the case of mystery plays the program frequently contains a note asking the reviewer not to give the plot away, as it may spoil the fun of future spectators. Sometimes there isn't any fun, but that's beside the point. I wish there were some such custom among the critics of books, and I am not thinking at all of the reader's enjoyment but of his rank pretensions. Hundreds of people use the literary magazines for the base purpose of gathering enough catchwords to make a showing on current fiction.

In this matter I am no Puritan at all. With my life I will defend a man's right to have an aggressive attitude concerning some work which he has skimmed. There are books which reveal their quality, or lack of it, in the first ten pages. Some few may be appraised merely by balancing the volume in the hand. This is particularly so of such stories as splay out into two volumes. I would not deny the reader's privilege to venture the opinion "tedious" concerning any novel which requires more than one hundred thousand words for the telling. Occasionally the blurb upon the jacket provides excellent circumstantial evidence that a crime or, at the very least, a misdemeanor has been committed. This method, I will admit, is not infallible. A few excellent efforts have been badly corseted by the publisher. However, I will even be liberal enough to include among the righteous the somewhat fantastic folk who do assert that by holding a new book close to the nostrils they can accurately determine whether or not it is suitable for their purposes.

Having admitted all these as people qualified to say "I like" or "I cannot abide" this book or yet another, it seems to me that the time has come to call a halt. No longer will I listen patiently to the opinions of the exceedingly articulate people who tell you just what they think of something newly published upon no basis other than the reviews or maybe the advertisements. This strains charity beyond all reason. Do not think I am being whimsical in suggesting that such a practice is in vogue. I know and should, for I have been a sinner. If the lady on your right inquires "What do you think of 'Trader Horn'?" the dinner guest is churlish if he replies, "I haven't read it." I don't even think it helps much to answer, "I'm sorry, but I haven't read it." Such a reply leaves one of those uncomfortable pauses not unlike the dreadful calm which follows the telling of an unsuccessful joke.

Please refuse to accept my earlier confession of guilt. I have not sinned but did no more than any gentleman should if placed in the same circumstances. If I am to throw off humility I will go on to say that when forced to lie concerning literature I never do things by half-measure. It is no more than fair that there should be contempt for brief and adjectival liars. You see we have come back to the unfortunate young man whose dinner partner wants to know just what he thinks of "Trader Horn." The assumption has been made, and accepted I hope, that no man of spirit can dodge the issue by the mean expedient of confessing ignorance. Very little better is the fellow who fobs off inquiry with some such quick reply as "jolly" or "I found it spirited." Even the truth is better than these feeble phrases. I know one man who uses a method which seems to him successful, but to me sounds base and deceitful. It is his practice to confuse the issue by pretending to misunderstand the exact phrasing of the question. Thus if the lady said, "What do you think of 'Trader Horn'?" he would smile broadly and with marked enthusiasm as he answered, "Oh, yes, indeed!" He tells me that following some such reply there is confusion during which he is able to change the conversation.

I can't explain it on scientific grounds, but through long observation I am prepared to state that 98 per cent of all literary conversation at dinner parties comes from the lady on your right. The one on your left is Southern and is much too busy preserving her accent to pay any attention to books. With her you are generally safe, but once a haggard victim staggered into my apartment late at night shouting and screaming that he had been betrayed. At his left, so he said, there sat a personable young woman from deepest Georgia who not only insisted upon conversing about current literature but did it all in baby talk. Fortunately such experiences are rare. Throughout this article "Trader Horn" has been used as a sort of symbol. Possibly this suggests too great an ease for the unread person who desires to get by and never confess ignorance. Any fool, I take it, can talk about "Trader Horn" sight unseen. This book has been so much in the news that I would be quite willing to wager any clever fellow could maintain a running comment on its qualities without ever having dipped into the tale at all. I was about to substitute "I" for "any clever fellow" but refrained not only for the sake of modesty but accuracy as well. I belong to that vast army who have started "Trader Horn." This is not said in disparagement of the book. After any deluge of popular approval and interest there come stragglers with lily cups. "Main Street," I suppose, is the finest example of the nation's eagerness to sip and quit.

Naturally, I am not railing against this practice. As one who hopes some day to write a novel I much approve of the fact that it is possible to collect royalties even upon copies which do no more than ornament the library table. If this essay is still heading in the same direction as at the beginning my contention remains that any man who owns a book has a right to an opinion about it without further research. Purchase should be enough not only for matriculation but graduation too. The lazy public is not an enemy to us who live by our wits and our writings. All I ask of any cherished work of mine is that in time it shall be moved from off the bookstore counters. And naturally I mean moved out into the world and not down in the cellar.

Accordingly, we have one foe and one alone—the critic. Not infrequently he quotes the best passage and nearly always he outlines the plot. He may improve it in the telling. Indeed, I can't agree at all with the familiar contention that criticism in America is barren stuff. It's much too good. Again and again I have seen a browsing dilettante look up from the literary section of some daily newspaper or weekly journal with a happy smile upon his face. "There's one more book I will not have to read," the miscreant will boast. "I've got enough now to be able to talk about it."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Presidential Possibilities

VIII

A. Victor Donahey

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The eighth in a series of studies of the candidates

GOVERNOR A. VICTOR DONAHEY of Ohio is as much a man of the plain people as Al Smith himself. If you do not believe it, go hear him pound a mighty fist upon the gubernatorial table in the capitol at Columbus, and see him spit tobacco juice—like Al again—over the carpet to the accompaniment of many "by Gods" and other liberties with the King's English. Watch him, moreover, settle a difficult problem in the straightforward way which so often distinguishes Governor Smith. Having led plain, simple lives, both men approach trying situations in a way that is usually direct and so lacking in the guile and finesse of the so-called "higher type" of statesman that observers often believe they have a touch of genius. Governor Donahey shows it particularly when under great stress. Then he acts vigorously, effectively, and, again, simply, so that the people of Ohio believe they have a Governor who is on the job and who proposes to administer his office with integrity, force, and courage. In consequence they have three times elected this Democrat Governor of a Republican State—the only Governor to have served three times in the history of Ohio. He was elected in 1922, 1924, and 1926, and in 1924 ran 587,093 votes ahead of John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President. He is renowned as a vote-getter because Ohio's electorate feels about him as New York's does about Al Smith—that he is a fine administrator who plays the political game honestly and squarely, besides being in himself the personification of the masses.

So it has come to pass that "Vic" Donahey, as he prefers to be known, himself really and earnestly believes that he is just a common, honest servant of the people trying to serve Ohio in a plain and humble way. "Even to intimate friends in his private office," writes one who for years has watched the Governor at work, "he is on parade. To newspapermen who have long known him from the ground up to the top of his six hefty feet, he is constantly making speeches and uttering campaign platitudes. He is ever the avenger of public wrong." But the newspapermen like him, as in New York they like Governor Smith, and for the same reasons, and so he, too, has a friendly and colorful press. The plain man of the people gives opportunity for endless Sunday special articles and equally numerous photographs of Governor "Vic" whittling away at the birdhouses which he makes to give to friends at Christmas, of Governor "Vic" in summer fishing and cooking—he is an expert at broiling steaks and barbecuing—and tramping and talking and laughing with his neighbors on the shores of Indian Lake, where they all live simple lives in modest cottages destitute of plumbing. No golf for the Governor. That would be out of the part, and so would any more fashionable resort than this rather hot one on the banks of a reservoir in northwestern Ohio.

Children? Yes, indeed, and here he is ahead of Al Smith, for he has ten living out of twelve, and three grandchildren, although he is not yet fifty-five years old. What could prove better his complete fitness as a candidate? "Babies is [*sic*] my long suit," he remarked at his last inauguration, when the movie-camera men were taking pictures of him, Mrs. Donahey, and the youngest grandchild, then three weeks old, under specially provided Klieg lights. It would seem also to have been Mrs. Donahey's, although a Governor about to be inaugurated apparently forgets a trifle like that. But those who watch the Governor closely know that Mrs. Donahey's part in bringing her consort to the front is concerned with many other, if less important, things than bringing babies into the world, rearing the entire quiver, and teaching music to her daughters. The Governor did his best day's work when he married his wife. Here again I must quote from a friendly observer: "Mrs. Donahey is a marvel of tireless energy and good taste. She has such a deep vein of sincerity and makes him believe so in himself that he has acquired the habit. She is a charming hostess and modest in her dress and social life." It is she who helped to make his inaugural ceremonies of the simplest and it is she, beyond doubt, who has kept the public from a wider understanding of certain of her husband's foibles and pretenses that would lend themselves easily to ridicule and criticism.

So there in Columbus sits Governor "Vic," favored of the gods. He, with his Irish name, and all the elements of popularity in him, is actually not a Catholic but a Methodist. That is his supreme good fortune—next to Mrs. Donahey. For there is no greater stronghold of Methodism than Ohio, which, for all its large cities with their foreign population, remains a State of rural communities and small towns and villages with all the hypocrisies and all the conventionalities of Main Street; a place where frills are few; where deacons are still shocked by the wickedness of the great cities and the horrible Bolsheviks with their loose ideas about marriage. For them it is a source of untold joy that, in a dreadfully changing world, Ohio, personified by her Methodist, ten-child Governor, champion of the home, the family, and the state, faces four-square to all winds and bows to none.

As a public speaker Governor Donahey plays safe, like so many distinguished contemporaries, and takes refuge in the well-known and highly popular platitudes. Here are some excerpts from the speech that he delivered to the National Christian Endeavor Convention in Cleveland on June 3, 1927:

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> It must not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our laws does not give us license to break them. Liberty to make our laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others. Liberty is responsibility; responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law, for the law, and by the law. The forefathers placed this precious inheritance in our hands for safe-keeping and passed on. We, in turn, must place it in the hands of those who follow us, enlarged, of course, but unprofaned.
>
> Therefore we must inculcate in the youth of our land a firm and abiding faith in our destiny and mission as a nation. We must teach them that the greatest responsibility which God in His wisdom has given to His creatures is the responsibility of self-government. We must teach them that self-government is a civil agreement to protect the health, peace, and safety of the people and promote their happiness. We must teach them that self-government means politics, a field in which every loyal citizen should take an active part.

And again:

> Our boys and girls are our most priceless possessions. The boys and girls of today will be the business men and women of tomorrow. Remember, no community, State, or nation is going to be any better than its boys and girls. Our boys and girls are our hope for the future. In my opinion the greatest inheritance a boy or girl can have is to have been reared in a religious family.

Why should not the Presidential lightning strike this man? There would be the best of chances that it would, Ohio being the mother of so many Presidents, good, bad, and indifferent, if only he were a Republican. Should a deadlock arise this year among the Republican hosts and Calvin Coolidge still refuse to run, "Vic" would be the ideal compromise candidate if only he were not under the other banner. For he, too, has lived in inexpensive homes, and he, too, is frugal and has all the small-town virtues. He also once called out the militia in a crisis, and is a tremendous devotee of economy in public life. Honestly he believes that modern governments are over-organized, that there are too many boards, commissions, and bureaus, and he has abolished a number of them. Did he not, as State auditor, cut down the $2 meals which State officials allowed themselves to $1.25? Is he not credited with trimming a Lucullan baked potato out of the expense account of an august appellate court judge? Why, if the Democratic convention deadlocks, should it not turn to this man whom Senator Thomas of Oklahoma declares to be "young, vigorous, honest, independent, fundamentally sound, and a teetotaler"? Has he not a printers' union card in his pocket? And is he not supported by all the religious groups in his State? Besides, Mr. Donahey comes from a pivotal State. How can party managers overlook such a man of all the virtues who, with unemployment abroad in the land, would have every trump in his hand?

As for his record as Governor, it is quite striking. He has consistently carried on a campaign for the reduction of taxes in a way to win the heart of the hardest of financiers. He has vetoed many tax bills as well as other measures—no fewer than seventy-four in 1923, thirty-four in 1925, and thirty in 1927. He vetoed the first gasoline-tax bill passed, although he knew the legislature would pass it over his veto, and it is now on the books to stay. Despite the fact that he is the darling of the deacons and the dominies, he bravely vetoed the bill which was to Christianize all Ohio by compelling the daily reading of ten verses of the Bible in all the public schools of the State, in which thereafter all pupils above the fourth grade were to be birched, if necessary, into memorizing the Ten Commandments. This bill was actively supported by the Ku Klux Klan. It was lobbied through in one of the bitterest religious fights waged in the Ohio Legislature in many years. It was introduced by a farmer, and the farmers, "Vic's" special friends, were all for it, but the Governor vetoed it with some fine truth-telling about this being a country which was "founded out of the hope and desire for religious freedom." He has never openly attacked the Klan but he has also never truckled to it.

Always he vetoes with a flourish of trumpets, restating his demand for economy and his fears that pay rolls will be padded and public funds exhausted. Only cynics suggest that some of these vetoes are unwise, or that the expenses of the Governor's Highway Department, far from showing retrenchment, are abnormally high. What would you? The Governor vowed that if he were elected he would "get Ohio out of the mud." Here is a campaign promise that has been kept, and every motorist rejoices. Why should anybody, therefore, question the cost? Or notice that road maintenance charges are going up every year?

The Governor has been, and is, both inconsistent and illogical—quite often. Like many another—almost every other—politician, he has been accused of instability of purpose, of not knowing his own mind, of failing to keep promises; why does not every public man wear on his person an automatic promise-recorder? A classic example of this phase of the Governor is his pushing through the legislature by means of special messages a bill providing a better and speedier method of recounting ballots in contested elections. He was the savior of the people. But—when it came time to sign the bill after the legislature had done his much-heralded bidding, he discovered some minor features he disliked and vetoed it. The very next day he wailed aloud and promised by the hairs of his head to reconvene the legislature at once in special session—economy be hanged! Then he found that would get him into trouble on a prohibition issue, and the special session still awaits his call.

But, as has been said, the time comes when the Governor acts with speed and vigor and plain common sense and deservedly gains much praise thereby. Take the rioting at Niles in November, 1924, two days before the Governor's first reelection. Klansmen and Catholics were attacking each other, and for three days the situation had been serious. The sheriff called for troops, but the Governor declared that he would send them only when shooting occurred. Press and public waited to see how he would act, with the opening of the polls but forty-eight hours off. The shooting began and the answer came. Troops, mobilized in the interim, were sent at once by the Governor, who had never left his desk by day or night during the crisis.

An even finer story, which illustrates best of all Governor Donahey's simple, straightforward way of tackling difficult problems, is that which deals with the southeastern Ohio coal-fields. They have been without hope or work since April, 1927, when the mines were shut down, chiefly because of the competition of the unorganized West Virginia fields. There had been little work for months before. The shutdown drove the men to despair. Like all miners

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they have large families and for years have been earning at best much less than the minimum requirement for an American family. Is it any wonder that after a while the hotheads among those whose children were starving shot at sheriffs and mine guards, damaged tipples, set fire to mines, and planted dynamite? Soon frantic long-distance telephone calls reached Governor Donahey and his adjutant-general, Frank D. Henderson, begging, demanding troops. The Governor sent none; he took a new chew of tobacco and tried something else. Being a man of the people he realized how often the arrival of troops has precipitated hostilities instead of preventing them. What did he do? He sent twenty-one officers to Jefferson, Athens, Hocking, and other coal-fields—not one in uniform, not one wearing a badge of authority, not one showing a revolver or uttering a threat. Each officer entered as a friend of both sides, calling on the starving miners in their desolate shacks, and warning them against violence, and similarly warning mine superintendents against uncontrolled mine guards who might arouse the miners to fury. Then, after a thorough survey, they reported to Columbus the results of their observations: children slowly starving to death; 6,000 in dire need; 15,000 trying to live on one skimpy meal a day, most of them unable to go to school because of lack of shoes —this in Ohio in the fall of the prosperity year, 1927.

What did the Governor and General Henderson do? Sit back with hands folded like the recreant Red Cross and do nothing? Utter pious wishes and deplore platitudinously this new conflict between capital and labor? They did not. They appealed for food, clothing, and money and sent, not machine-guns but supply trains to feed starving American children who could get food in no other way. The rescuing militia set up stores in the schoolhouses and sent word that every child who came to school would receive potatoes, meat, vegetables, bread, and butter. Said that humane soldier, General Henderson: "The children did not come into the world of their own accord. Once they are here, it is the duty of the state to see that they are fed and clothed and put to school. When they see their brothers and sisters slowly starving they are likely to blame the government, saying, 'You exist only for the rich and not for us who are hungry.' We are not asking whether they are miners' children, or what is their religion or color. All the Governor cares about is that they are fed and clothed. This is not a miners' relief or even a miners' children's relief. It is a children's relief." In a brief time General Henderson established 103 relief stations feeding about 7,500 children daily and supplying 18,000 with clothes, all done by National Guardsmen performing charitable and social duties instead of practicing battle formations, or policing the property of mine-owners, themselves warm, well-fed, and sleek while starving children faded away. Distinguished service crosses? Not for General Henderson and Governor Donahey. They have only answered the appeals of little children.

Another unusual use of the National Guard by Governor Donahey was in connection with the murder in July, 1926, of Don R. Mellett, the Canton, Ohio, editor who was killed for attacking the alliance of the local authorities and the underworld. "There should be no delay in meting out justice," the Governor declared. "It should be swift and just. . . . Let every one know that the State through my office stands on that basis." He used National Guard officers and State prohibition officials to help unravel the crime because he had no other State employees he could employ. A year later when there were labor troubles at Adena he again refused to furnish troops on demand of the mayor. Instead, he authorized the sheriff to use as many deputies as he needed. The sheriff did so and the trouble soon ended.

As for prohibition, teetotaler that he is, Governor Donahey, too, can dodge issues connected with it. The Supreme Court of the United States having declared unconstitutional the fee system by which judges of certain courts were paid out of costs in cases of conviction, the temperance forces pushed a bill through the legislature the purpose of which was by some hocus-pocus to get around this decision. The vetoing Governor Donahey permitted the bill to become a law subject to a popular referendum, while stating that he did not approve of its terms. Thereupon he kept as quiet about this issue as Calvin Coolidge on the oil scandals. His Prohibition Commissioner was one of the protagonists of the bill, but Governor Donahey had nothing to say, not even when by the greatest victory (447,000) ever recorded in an Ohio referendum the bill was buried.

When it comes to nation-wide issues, Governor Donahey's resemblance to Governor Smith is again marked—both have many blank pages to fill. True, Governor Donahey is known to desire an "adequate navy"—nobody knows what that may be; tariff revision by a bi-partisan board, if such a thing be possible; and rigorous enforcement of all United States laws. For neither man does Europe seem to exist. When it comes to the question of social and political agitation by liberals or "reds," Governor Donahey seems to me to trail far behind his New York rival. I sometimes doubt if he understands that there are liberals and "reds" and that people get excited over social and labor evils. Governor Smith has stood up admirably in favor of the old-fashioned American doctrines. Governor Donahey's position is not as praiseworthy—if it can be praised at all. It was he who shivered in his boots when President Harding died and declared publicly that he "feared that the United States would be swept by a wave of unrest and that there would be grave uneasiness as a result of Harding's death." As will be remembered, only the "Ohio gang" suffered by Harding's timely decease. It was also Governor "Vic" Donahey who in December, 1925, in high dudgeon ordered the Board of Trustees of the Ohio State University to make a thorough housecleaning because prohibition officers found a bottle or two in the cellar of an instructor's house. The guilty teacher's dismissal was ordered by the Governor without even waiting for a report, and he appears to have concurred heartily in the inquisition to which the Board of Trustees subjected every teacher who was charged with having a mind of his own, which extended to affiliation with liberal organizations, and subscriptions to journals like *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. Of course the Governor does not know that there is such a thing as academic freedom, and that people fight for it and against it. Here the Methodist came out in the good Governor; for the hour he was the pontifex maximus of Ohio.

Politically he still is that, and apparently he may continue to be a satisfactory chief executive of the sadly besmirched State of Ohio as long as he wishes to be Governor. Why not? Is he not an Elk, a Woodman, and a Knight of Pythias, as well as the teetotaling father of ten children?

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Florida Interlude

By STUART CHASE

Florida, March, 1928

WE were driving over the great concrete causeway which connects the town of Sarasota with its flanking serpentine keys, upon whose chalk-white beaches the Gulf of Mexico pounds. "Ringling built this causeway," our host remarks; "cost him a million. That's the new Ritz-Carlton over on Lang Boat Key—that big pile with the tower and the scaffolding. He's building that. With the new causeway and the golf courses it will mean a couple of millions more. And there on the mainland, behind those pines, do you see that enormous half-completed structure? That's his new art museum: the John and Mabel Ringling Art Museum. When he gets his collection into it, it will mean five million, ten million, Heaven knows what. And that's his house, back of the stretch of lawn. This island here belongs to one of his sons. And you see those low, arched roofs against the skyline? That's the winter quarters of the circus. We're having a carnival and parade next week—600 horses, right out of the circus. Oh, he's done a lot for Florida. I wouldn't be surprised if it came to 20 million altogether. And he kept right on doing it, even after the boom blew up, shoveling it out with both hands. We owe a lot to John Ringling. That's why we're giving him this banquet tonight. I'm so glad you could arrange to come over."

We dressed, my friend and I, at the Hotel Alvarez, and came down to the magnificence of the great false beams of the Spanish Mission lobby to find Frieda Hempel, a gold spot against its shadows; and more bankers, real-estate operators, railroad presidents, oil magnates, and distinguished politicians than perhaps had ever before been gathered under one roof. Their composite assessed valuation would probably run the kingdom of Italy for ten years.

At 9:30 we find our places and, three-hundred strong, all male, all immaculate in black and white, sit amid gleaming crystal and silver around the splashing fountain of the vaulted banquet hall, while the red-smocked Czecho-Slovak band of Mr. Ringling crashes out the opening bars of the "Beautiful Blue Danube." In front of each guest is a souvenir menu, richly engraved, gilded, tasseled; magnificent as the brochure of a super-advertising agency. On a dais at the end of the hall is the speakers' table, and back of it, in slightly improbable perspective, a painted backdrop twenty feet high representing the façade of the new art museum. Upon it blinding searchlights from the balcony are focused.

The dinner is heavy and very good. Throughout the stately procession of the courses the waiters pass and repass with what, if this were a wet republic, might be mistaken for champagne. Meanwhile the red band thunders. The black coffee is served, boxes of mammoth cigars are put in circulation, chairs are pushed back, and we look expectantly toward the speakers' table. The ceremony of acknowledging Mr. Ringling's twenty million dollars is about to begin. It begins with a sheaf of laudatory telegrams—from the president of the New York Central, from the president of the Pennsylvania, from Gene Tunney, from Henry Ford, from Will Rogers, from Harry Sinclair, from senators and governors and kings of industry.

After a few preliminaries, the orator of the evening is introduced. He is among other things Mr. Ringling's counsel on public relations. He takes us back to the poor struggling family on the Illinois plains; young John and his brothers on the woodshed trapeze; their open-mouthed attendance at infrequent traveling shows; the sturdy father, the deep-browed mother; the first sawdust ring; the incredible hardships of the road; bitterness, loss, and triumph—in brief, the great American saga, old but ever new, of the rise to power from one suspender. And how he has risen! Was there a citizen in the republic in whom a President—we bow in memory of Mr. Harding—placed more affection and more trust? At this climax the orator spreads his arms in mute appeal, inclines his head, and sits.

Next we have the mayor of Sarasota, stupefied with dog-like gratitude for what the great man has done for his city. Then follow a business man or two, a little shy, inarticulate, but firmly grasping each his closing hollyhock for Mr. Ringling.

At this point the toastmaster turns with the utmost gravity to a man on his right who has been largely hidden from us by a Spanish mission column (probably a false one). "Gentlemen," he says, portentously, "I have the honor to present a distinguished public servant, a man than whom there was no more loyal, able, conscientious administrator—Mr. Harry Daugherty!" My chair slips sideways under me, but sure enough, Harry it is—amiable, confident, and just the least little bit mellow. His face is mobile, hard-lined, an admirable face to appear above a poker game. The eyes shift from one corner of the hall to another. The applause misses a heart-beat in starting, but it gains in volume until it roars like the surf on Lido Beach. A dozen enthusiasts spring from their chairs and stand shouting. Almost instantly the whole hall follows their example, until every man is upon his feet, cheering, clapping. Every man, that is, except three dazed, and doubtless very discourteous, guests. These guests receive a battery of hard looks, but they are suffered to remain. Mr. Daugherty avoids politics, tells a number of witty and perhaps a trifle risqué stories, offers his hollyhock with a note of tremolo to the guest of honor, and sits down, amid another storm of hand-clapping.

Follows the Governor of Florida, who gives us a political ham sandwich served with a Southern accent. A banker; a renowned manufacturer. . . . Then the toastmaster turns to his right and addresses a man who looks vaguely familiar—a meek enough little man with a toothbrush mustache. "Gentlemen, I have the honor to present another very distinguished public servant, a man than whom, it is fitting to say, there could be no more" and so forth. "Mr. William J. Burns." So that is who it is. Mr. Burns arises, bows to the tide of claps and cheers, but addresses himself directly to Mr. Daugherty. It appears that the happiest years of Mr. Burns's life were those spent when, shoulder to shoulder with his beloved chief in the

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Department of Justice, they together guarded the portals of the republic from enemies without, and from enemies within. He speaks sincerely, touchingly, just saving his voice from breaking. Mr. Daugherty sits bemused, motionless, staring at the tablecloth. Above them both the searchlights continue to blare on the John and Mabel Ringling Art Museum. The audience is hushed, appreciative, a little touched by this almost non-Nordic display of one great public servant's devotion to another. After the concluding tribute to the guest of honor, the applause, while warm, is almost deferential.

A few more speakers, and then, long after midnight, the guest of honor heaves himself out of his chair to bring the occasion to its climax—a great chunk of a man with a shock of black hair, a shrewd, kindly face for all its resemblance to a prize-fighter's. The band launches into an anthem, but its valiant brass is drowned by the roar of human voices which strains the vaulted rafters to the bursting-point. Mr. Ringling smiles, waits, smiles again, and then beckons us to silence. Grudgingly we obey him. Obviously he is the sort of man one does obey. I like him immediately he begins to talk. He is sincere, honest, direct. His words stand out like bells against the booming and the roaring of the seas of oratory through which we have just passed. He hopes we have not been as uncomfortable as he has. He is gratified by it all, but he is surely not worth such geysers and caldrons of superheated air. "As for Jim here," he turns to the up-from-the-farm orator, "as for Jim, you should not pay any attention to him, for I give him a salary to talk his head off." Thus the evening, in charge of this blunt giant, turns back in the direction of reality. But it does not stay there long. For John Ringling himself dreams dreams.

The acknowledgments disposed of, he turns to the picture above him. The twinkle goes out of his eye, his humor vanishes, and he begins to talk about his art museum. Love comes into his face, and passion. For ten years he has been planning for it, buying for it. "I am told by the foreign experts who have been gathering my collections, that it is to have the finest art treasures of any museum in the United States. But such things of course are hard to measure." He tells of the work of his agents and buyers who have sought beauty to the four corners of the globe. He tells of the school of art and the model dormitories that are to be established in connection with the museum.

He looks up at the painted façade again. The room is utterly silent. "And so, gentlemen, with this museum, with this school, with this wonderful climate, this sunshine, the colors upon this bay, this air and light which I am told by experts is particularly good for work on canvas, I hope that we may some day have here our own Michelangelos, our own Titians, our own Millets, and that the Sarasota school of American painters will grow to rival, yes, and surpass, the Barbizon school of France!"

And so this strange interlude ended. The Ohio gang, the ring of sawdust, the Acropolis by moonlight.

Chamorro, the Strong Man of Nicaragua

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, Nicaragua, March 10

EMILIANO CHAMORRO, "the strong man of Nicaragua," was eliminated from the Presidency by the combined force of the United States Government and the Liberal arms. He was then sent to Europe as Minister to Rome. Neither he nor Sandino was a party to the Stimson-Moncada agreement. Sandino, at the time of the Stimson agreement, advised Moncada: "Come and disarm me. I am in my post and I await you. In no other way will I cede. I do not sell myself; I do not surrender; it is necessary to defeat me." So the United States, except for the passive and chronically ill Moncada and the portion of the Liberals he represents, is now playing a lone and fairly unpopular hand in Nicaragua, trying to enforce a peace to which only part of the Liberals agreed and to which the strongest personality in the Conservative Party—Chamorro—was not a signatory.

Chamorro is frankly at odds with the present policy of the United States. He is not anti-American as is Sandino; during the seventeen years of American intervention in that country, you will find the name of Emiliano Chamorro signed to nearly every important document and treaty, including the famous Washington treaties of 1923. The treaty which gave the United States canal rights in the face of adverse criticism from the Liberal Party and from members of Chamorro's own party as well, which was put through over the violent protests of Honduras, Costa Rica, and El Salvador, and which practically put out of business the Central-American Court of Arbitration, set up by the United States—this bears his name: the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty. And during this period he himself served as President, which means that he served with American consent. He has signed a goodly number of the notorious treaty loans which have kept his country in continuous penury.

General Chamorro told me: "I am ardently pro-American. Nor am I opposed to American intervention in Nicaragua at the present time. I am merely opposed to the form of that intervention, lest the supervision proposed seriously violate our constitutional regime."

This, of course, is quibble. Intervention constitutes, *ipso facto*, such violation. Chamorro desires to conserve the advantage to his party derived from its control of the government and hence the election machinery, which McCoy would take out of its hands. The Conservatives were, at first, eager for American intervention and went into the Stimson agreement, thinking that it was a move to disarm and defeat the Liberals, that the United States was actually interested in keeping the Conservative Party in power. But now that it has become apparent that the Stimson agreement actually involves protection for the Liberal Party, the Conservatives are placing every obstacle in the way of the smooth working of the intervention they themselves invited. Chamorro's maneuvering also involves his desire to be a candidate for the Presidency at the forthcoming elections.

But whatever his motives, the Americans are determined to permit no modification of their purposes, to accept

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no suggestions from native sources. Chamorro, therefore, has become doubly a trouble-maker in their eyes. A high American official exclaimed to me with exasperation: "Diaz, President Diaz now, has brains. He is a man you can deal with. Chamorro has no brains. He is always breaking his head against stone walls."

To write the history of Chamorro is to write most of the history of Nicaragua since the fall of President Jose Santos Zelaya, the Liberal Party dictator who came into power in 1893 and fell in 1910. Chamorro was born in Acoyapa, Chontales, in 1871. He first became interested in politics in the early nineties. He participated in the uprising of 1896 and the following year was expelled from the country for four years. Two of those he spent traveling through the rest of Central America, so that he knows the politics of the neighboring republics intimately. In 1899 he returned with an armed expedition to the Atlantic coast, but was captured. In 1903 he participated in another revolt, after which he again left Nicaragua, and in 1909 returned to join in the revolution of Bluefields with his old friend Adolfo Diaz. On the crest of this revolution in 1910 Zelaya was deposed and the Conservative Party was brought into power; it has been kept in power by the United States down to the present, except during the short-lived coalition government of Carlos Solorzano, installed in 1924 with partial American supervision of the elections. Chamorro himself served as President from 1917 to 1921.

I asked General Chamorro what he thought of the 1923 treaties which he signed. He replied: "On the whole, I consider them sound. Certainly they contain many beautiful sentiments. However, as their interpretation and application rest entirely in the hands of Washington, political expediency sometimes dictates these decisions, and the outcome is not always the same or equally just in all cases. They were applied very improperly against me in 1926. When I took over the government in that year the United States refused to recognize me, though it recognized Ibanez in Chile, who came into office in identically the same way and followed the same procedure as myself, a procedure which I considered fulfilled the constitutional requirements."

"What do you think were the motives of the United States? Do you think we have been actuated by purely altruistic motives?"

The General smiled. "The way the United States operates is all a mystery to me; and I presume to all Latin Americans."

It is perhaps equally difficult for the United States to understand Chamorro's procedure. American difficulties in Nicaragua, of course, date from the time when Secretary Knox backed the revolution against Zelaya, but the immediate point of departure for the recent events and America's actual intervention is the coup d'etat of Emiliano Chamorro against President Solorzano, when he seized the Loma above Managua in October, 1925, after nearly two months of street-rioting and violence. He remained the power behind the throne, but finally, in January, forced Carlos Solorzano to resign. Sacasa, the Vice-President, in spite of pressure, refused to do so, and secretly fled the country.

The Nicaraguan constitution, adopted under American auspices in 1913, provides in Article 106:

> In case of the absolute or temporary lack of a President of the republic, the office of the Chief Executive shall devolve on the Vice-President, and in default of the latter, on one of the emergency candidates in the order of their election. In the latter case, if Congress is in session, it shall be its duty to authorize the intrustment of the office to the Representative whom it may designate, who must fulfil the requirements for President of the republic.

Of the coup of Chamorro, Mr. Stimson has the following to say ("American Policy in Nicaragua," p. 22 ff.):

> The marines . . . were withdrawn on August 4, 1925. Order lasted just three weeks thereafter. The friends of General Chamorro, the defeated extreme Conservative candidate, had been making preparations for trouble. President Solorzano had appointed a coalition Cabinet composed of both Liberals and Conservatives. On August 25, while the Liberal Cabinet and officers were attending a banquet, they were seized and locked up. Thereafter the Chamorro conspiracy rapidly progressed. On October 25 his supporters seized the Loma, the fortress which overlooks the city of Managua, and the possession of which dominates the capital. Vice-President Sacasa and subsequently President Solorzano left the country, claiming to be in fear of their lives. The membership of Congress was reconstituted by expelling eighteen Liberal and moderate Conservative members and their places were filled by adherents of Chamorro. He was then elected by Congress as a designate or substitute for the Presidency and assumed the functions of that office on January 16, 1926.

It might be added that Chamorro also reorganized the Supreme Court, forcing the resignation of three of the five judges—exiling one—and one of the two substitute judges. The spoils system was also carried down through the local governments, and most of the local officials were changed.

As for the coup, the above is the official American interpretation. In part, it is open to question. Chamorro, of course, claims that he was beaten out of the election in 1924, when he was candidate, by fraud in which the American officials acquiesced. Certainly the American officials, though they supervised the elections, made no effort to consider the proofs of fraud presented by Chamorro. Chamorro thereupon retired to his hacienda across the lake from Managua and worked quietly. There is little doubt, however, that he was bitterly scheming to return to power. But that he had a hand in the wanton attack on the Liberal officers is open to doubt. It was staged by a brother-in-law of President Solorzano, a man who later went over to Chamorro. This display of violence aroused the fighting spirit of all parties and was succeeded by street riots and other evidences of disintegration. The American Minister at this time sent word through an intermediary to Chamorro, begging him to attempt to quiet the people. This, to a Latin-American politician, was nothing less than an invitation to seize the power. The Loma came into the hands, subsequently, of elements opposed to Solorzano; Chamorro stepped into the breach, made a deal with these elements in order to avoid bloodshed, and took over the Loma himself in an orderly fashion in October. Here he remained the power behind the throne of the Solorzano Government.

There is every indication that during the two months of disorder American officials, instead of reprimanding Chamorro, leaned upon him in the hope that he might stabilize the situation, and that later the State Department was not ill-pleased with his having seized the Loma and having taken over the real power. Indeed, during those troublous days, the American Minister actually harassed the Solorzano Government, demanding that it sell back the bank and railroad to Wall Street, that it invite American officers to take

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charge of the army, that it accept a new and onerous loan, and that it officially request intervention. It was only when he took over the Presidency on January 16, 1926, that America adopted a hostile attitude toward Chamorro. Before taking office Chamorro twice visited the American Legation. He was prepared to act on the fourteenth, but was willing to delay provided the Legation would indicate to him its willingness to have Congress call new elections. He returned on the fifteenth for a reply from Washington. None had come. He took over the Presidency on the following day.

In spite of American refusal to recognize him, Chamorro held his ground against the Liberals for ten months. At this time the marines and the State Department were not pulling well together. The marines were apparently secretly aiding the Chamorro forces. The first Liberal revolution in May was promptly suppressed, but by August America was sending vessels to Bluefields and Corinto. On January 22, 1926, and again on August 27, our Secretary of State sent formal notice to Chamorro, disapproving of his action in violating the 1923 treaties. By October, a year after his *cuartelazo*, the rebel opposition had become pronounced, the attitude of the United States was unyielding. A conference was held aboard the U. S. S. Denver, attended by both Liberals and Conservatives. The Liberal representatives were handpicked. But as a result, on October 30, Chamorro turned over control of the government to the transition President, Senator Uriza, preliminary to the appointment of Adolfo Diaz, who had been President twice, and who was always amenable to American suggestions. Though the United States was against Chamorro, the marines kept his party in power; his successors were appointed by a Congress completely controlled by him. Chamorro himself was virtually exiled to Europe—as Minister to Rome.

The United States was, at that time, afraid of a Liberal President. Sacasa, the Vice-President under Solorzano, had never relinquished his claim to succeed to the Presidency. The constitution prohibits the President from leaving the country without permission of Congress; this clause does not apply to the Vice-President. Besides, both Solorzano and Sacasa were urged by threats to resign, their houses were constantly fired upon, and finally, in fear of his life, Sacasa slipped out of the country secretly. In the Denver conferences there was no real effort on the part of the United States to restore the status quo before the *cuartelazo*. Our recognition of Diaz, the appointment by him of all three of the Conservative delegates to the conference to Cabinet positions, and the utter ignoring of the elements constituting the earlier Solorzano Government were as great a violation of the Washington treaties as that of Chamorro. Our concern at that time was not justice for Nicaragua but the seating of a puppet President who would do our bidding blindly. We are paying for that mistake now.

[*This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Beals from Nicaragua.*]

Beauty Instead of Ashes

By ALAIN LOCKE

LIKE a fresh boring through the rock and sand of racial misunderstanding and controversy, modern American art has tapped a living well-spring of beauty, and the gush of it opens up an immediate question as to the possible contribution of the soil and substance of Negro life and experience to American culture and the native materials of art. Are we ever to have more than the simple first products and ground flow of this well-spring, and the fitful spurt of its released natural energies, or is the well-head to be drummed over and its resources conserved and refined to give us a sustained output of more mature products and by-products?

To produce these second-process products is the particular *raison d'être* of a school of Negro poets and artists, and what most of our younger school really mean by an "acceptance of race in art" is the consciousness of this as an artistic task and program. Its group momentum behind the individual talent is largely responsible, I think, for the sudden and brilliant results of our contemporary artistic revival. The art movement in this case happens to coincide with a social one—a period of new stirrings in the Negro mind and the dawning of new social objectives. Yet most Negro artists would repudiate their own art program if it were presented as a reformer's duty or a prophet's mission, and to the extent that they were true artists be quite justified. But there is an ethics of beauty itself; an urgency of the right creative moment. Race materials come to the Negro artist today as much through his being the child of his age as through his being the child of his race; it is primarily because Negro life is creatively flowing in American art at present that it is the business of the Negro artist to capitalize it in his work. The proof of this is the marked and unusually successful interest of the white writer and artist in Negro themes and materials, not to mention the vogue of Negro music and the conquest of the popular mind through the dance and the vaudeville stage. Indeed in work like that of Eugene O'Neill, Ridgely Torrence, and Paul Green in drama, that of Vachel Lindsay and a whole school of "jazz poets," and that of Du Bose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Carl Van Vechten, and others in fiction, the turbulent warm substance of Negro life seems to be broadening out in the main course of American literature like some distinctive literary Gulf Stream. From the Negro himself naturally we expect, however, the most complete and sustained effort and activity. But just as we are not to restrict the Negro artist to Negro themes except by his own artistic choice and preference, so we are glad that Negro life is an artistic province free to everyone.

The opening up and artistic development of Negro life has come about not only through collaboration but through a noteworthy, though unconscious, division of labor. White artists have taken, as might be expected, the descriptive approach and have opened up first the channels of drama and fiction. Negro artists, not merely because of their more intimate emotional touch but also because of temporary incapacity for the objective approach so requisite for successful drama and fiction, have been more effective

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in expressing Negro life in the more subjective terms of poetry and music. In both cases it has been the distinctive and novel appeal of the folk life and folk temperament that has first gained general acceptance and attention; so that we may warrantably say that there was a third factor in the equation most important of all—this folk tradition and temperament. Wherever Negro life colors art distinctively with its folk values we ought, I think, to credit it as a cultural influence, and as in the case of Uncle Remus, without discrediting the interpreter, emphasize nevertheless the racial contribution. Only as we do this can we see how constant and important a literary and artistic influence Negro life has exerted, and see that the recent developments are only the sudden deepening of an interest which has long been superficial. After generations of comic, sentimental, and *genre* interest in Negro life, American letters have at last dug down to richer treasure in social-document studies like "Birthright" and "Nigger," to problem analysis like "All God's Chillun Got Wings," to a studied but brilliant novel of manners like "Nigger Heaven," and finally to pure tragedy like "Porgy" and "Abraham's Bosom." Negro intellectuals and reformers generally have complained of this artistically important development—some on the score of the defeatist trend of most of the themes, others because of a "peasant, low-life portrayal that misrepresents by omission the better elements of Negro life." They mistake for color prejudice the contemporary love for strong local color, and for condescension the current interest in folk life. The younger Negro artists as modernists have the same slant and interest, as is unmistakably shown by Jean Toomer's "Cane," Eric Walrond's "Tropic Death," Rudolph Fisher's and Claude McKay's pungent stories of Harlem, and the group trend of *Fire*, a quarterly recently brought out to be "devoted to younger Negro artists."

These critics further forget how protectively closed the upper levels of Negro society have been, and how stiffly posed they still are before the sociologist's camera. Any artist would turn his back. But in the present fiction of the easily accessible life of the many, the few will eventually find that power of objective approach and self-criticism without which a future school of urbane fiction of Negro life cannot arise. Under these circumstances the life of our middle and upper classes is reserved for later self-expression, toward which Jessie Fauset's "There Is Confusion," Walter White's "Flight," and James Weldon Johnson's "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" are tentative thrusts. Meantime, to develop the technique of objective control, the younger Negro school has almost consciously emphasized three things: realistic fiction, the folk play, and type analysis, and their maturing power in the folk play, the short story, and the *genre* novel promises much for the future.

Though Negro genius does not yet move with full power and freedom in the domain of the novel and the drama, in the emotional mediums of poetry and music it has already attained self-mastery and distinguished expression. It is the popular opinion that Negro expression has always flowed freely in these channels. On the contrary, only recently have our serious artists accepted the folk music and poetry as an artistic heritage to be used for further development, and it is not quite a decade since James Weldon Johnson's "Creation" closed the feud between the "dialect" and the "academic" poets with the brilliant formula of emancipation from dialect plus the cultivation of racial idiom in imagery and symbolism. Since then a marvelous succession of poets, in a poetry of ever deepening lyric swing and power, have carried our expression in this form far beyond the mid ranks of minor poetry. In less than half a generation we have passed from poetized propaganda and didactic sentiment to truly spontaneous and relaxed lyricism. Fifteen years ago a Negro poet wrote:

> The golden lyre's delights bring little grace,
> To bless the singer of a lowly race,
> But I shall dig me deeper to the gold—
> So men shall know me, and remember long
> Nor my dark face dishonor any song.

It was a day of apostrophes and rhetorical assertions; Africa and the race were lauded in collective singulars of "thee's" and "thou's." Contrast the emotional self-assurance of contemporary Negro moods in Cullen's

> Her walk is like the replica
> Of some barbaric dance,
> Wherewith the soul of Africa
> Is winged with arrogance

and the quiet espousal of race in these lines of Hughes

> Dream singers,
> Story tellers,
> Dancers,
> Loud laughers in the hands of Fate,
> My people.

It is a curious thing—it is also a fortunate thing—that the movement of Negro art toward racialism has been so similar to that of American art at large in search of its national soul. Padraic Colum's brilliant description of the national situation runs thus: "Her nationality has been a political one, it is now becoming an intellectual one." We might paraphrase this for the Negro and say: His racialism used to be rhetorical, now it is emotional; formerly he sang about his race, now we hear race in his singing.

Happily out of this parallelism much intuitive understanding has come, for the cultural rapprochement of the races in and through art has not been founded on sentiment but upon common interests. The modern recoil from the machine has deepened the appreciation of hitherto despised qualities in the Negro temperament, its hedonism, its nonchalance, its spontaneity; the reaction against oversophistication has opened our eyes to the values of the primitive and the importance of the man of emotions and untarnished instincts; and finally the revolt against conventionality, against Puritanism, has fought a strong ally in the half-submerged paganism of the Negro. With this established reciprocity, there is every reason for the Negro artist to be more of a modernist than, on the average, he yet is, but with each younger artistic generation the alignment with modernism becomes closer. The Negro schools have as yet no formulated aesthetic, but they will more and more profess the new realism, the new paganism, and the new vitalism of contemporary art. Especially in the rediscovery of the senses and the instincts, and in the equally important movement for re-rooting art in the soil of everyday life and emotion, Negro elements, culturally transplanted, have, I think, an important contribution to make to the working out of our national culture.

For the present, Negro art advance has one foot on its own original soil and one foot on borrowed ground. If

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it is allowed to make its national contribution, as it should, there is no anomaly in the situation but instead an advantage. It holds for the moment its racialism in solution, ready to pour it into the mainstream if the cultural forces gravitate that way. Eventually, either as a stream or as a separate body, it must find free outlet for its increasing creative energy. By virtue of the concentration of its elements, it seems to me to have greater potentialities than almost any other single contemporary group expression. Negro artists have made a creditable showing, but after all it is the artistic resources of Negro life and experience that give this statement force.

It was once thought that the Negro was a fine minstrel and could be a fair troubadour, but certainly no poet or finished artist. Now that he is, another reservation is supposed to be made. Can he be the commentator, the analyst, the critic? The answer is in process, as we may have shown. The younger Negro expects to attain that mastery of all the estates of art, especially the provinces of social description and criticism, that admittedly mark seasoned cultural maturity rather than flashy adolescence. Self-criticism will put the Negro artist in a position to make a unique contribution in the portrayal of American life, for his own life situations penetrate to the deepest complications possible in our society. Comedy, tragedy, satire of the first order are wrapped up in the race problem, if we can only untie the psychological knot and take off the somber sociological wrappings.

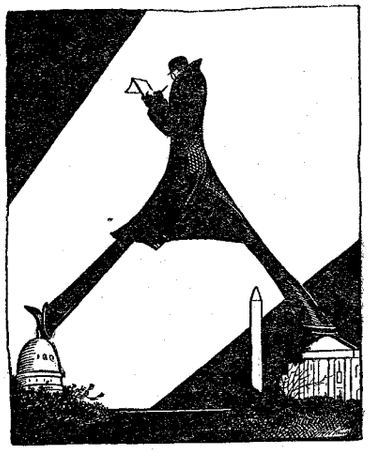
Always I think, or rather hope, the later art of the Negro will be true to original qualities of the folk temperament, though it may not perpetuate them in readily recognizable form. For the folk temperament raised to the levels of conscious art promises more originality and beauty than any assumed or imitated class or national or clique psychology available. Already our writers have renewed the race temperament (to the extent there is such a thing) by finding a new pride in it, by stripping it of caricaturish stereotypes, and by partially compensating its acquired inferiority complexes. It stands today, one would say, in the position of the German temperament in Herder's day. There is only one way for it to get any further—to find genius of the first order to give it final definiteness of outline and animate it with creative universality. A few very precious spiritual gifts await this releasing touch, gifts of which we are barely aware—a technique of mass emotion in the arts, a mysticism that is not ascetic and of the cloister, a realism that is not sordid but shot through with homely, appropriate poetry. One wonders if in these sublimated and precious things anyone but the critic with a half-century's focus will recognize the folk temperament that is familiar today for its irresistibly sensuous, spontaneously emotional, affably democratic and naive spirit. Scarcely. But that is the full promise of Negro art as inner vision sees it. That inner vision cannot be doubted or denied for a group temperament that, instead of souring under oppression and becoming materialistic and sordid under poverty, has almost invariably been able to give America honey for gall and create beauty out of the ashes.

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., April 7



PERHAPS the country has grown callous to Republican corruption. Perhaps the scandals of the Harding Administration have rendered it insensible to the scandals of the Coolidge Administration. Perhaps this explains the curious indifference which the daily press has maintained toward the shocking disclosures of chicanery, trickery, and lying which have attended the Senate investigation of the circumstances under which the prosecution of the Bread Trust was dropped. Or it may be that this indifference arises from the tender solicitude which the Washington correspondents habitually harbor for honest Calvin and his appointees. At any rate, the fact is that three of the leading members of the Administration have been detected in a conspiracy to shelter a company which they had previously charged with violating the law, and one of them has subsequently been caught red-handed in an effort to deceive the committee which was investigating his part in the transaction. In any period except the present one of utter apathy toward official misconduct, only speedy resignation would save these officials from impeachment.

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MENTION of their names will startle nobody. Abram F. Myers was a young lawyer in the Department of Justice until Harry Daugherty made him an Assistant Attorney General. While occupying that position he participated in the shady transaction herein described. Subsequently (as a reward for it?) President Coolidge elevated him to membership on the Federal Trade Commission. William E. Humphrey also served under Daugherty. He relinquished that congenial employment to become a lobbyist in Washington for the lumber interests. Mr. Coolidge then appointed him chairman of the Federal Trade Commission—an office which might in time require him to investigate the practices of his former employers! Without the slightest attempt at concealment, he promptly set out to wreck the commission. The third member of the trio is John Garibaldi Sargent, noted as the leading lawyer of Ludlow, Vermont (population 1,900), until his friend the President made him Attorney General of the United States. Whether Sargent is ludicrously too small for his job, or whether he was put there to nullify the anti-trust laws, is

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a question on which Washingtonians differ. They agree, however, on the result.

* * * * *

THE late Senator La Follette informed the Senate and the country in 1924 that the Continental Baking Company, having acquired control of sixteen of its competitors and being in process of acquiring others, appeared fairly on its way to a monopoly of the nation's bread supply. In obedience to a Senate resolution, the Federal Trade Commission investigated and filed a complaint, charging a violation of the Clayton Act. However, the commission under Humphrey kept the complaint secret, gave the Continental several months in which to answer it, and granted private hearings to its officers. Under cover of this secrecy and delay, the Continental acquired nine additional bakeries, bringing its total to twenty-five. Presently it attempted a still greater merger with four of its leading competitors. Thereupon the Department of Justice filed suit in the Federal Court at Baltimore, asking for the dissolution, not only of the latest proposed merger but of the Continental's previous mergers. The suit was handled by Assistant Attorney General Myers.

* * * * *

MYSTERIOUS negotiations ensued among Myers, Chairman Humphrey, and Chief Counsel Hainer of the Trade Commission and attorneys for the Continental. As a result, a majority of the commission voted late one afternoon to dismiss its complaint against the Continental. Commissioner Nugent protested without avail. His request for forty-eight hours in which to study the proposal was denied. The reason assigned by the majority for dismissing the complaint was that the Continental was being prosecuted by the Department of Justice and that two proceedings constituted double jeopardy. On the following morning Myers and the Continental lawyers appeared in the Federal Court at Baltimore and presented to Judge Soper a consent decree, already drawn up and ready to be signed, which ordered the dissolution of the latest proposed merger, but dismissed the suit against the previous Continental mergers on the ground that a complaint against that company was pending before the Federal Trade Commission! Judge Soper signed the decree, and the Continental thus went scot free.

* * * * *

THE facts leaked out, and the Senate voted for an investigation by the Judiciary Committee, which was intrusted to a subcommittee composed of Senators Walsh of Montana, Borah, and Deneen. Their inquiry disclosed that there had been a deliberate deal whereby the Continental obtained immunity for its previous offenses in return for its consent to abandon the latest proposed offense. It was found that Hainer had acted as an intermediary between the Continental and Chairman Humphrey in arranging for the dismissal, that Commissioners Nugent and Thompson were kept in ignorance of the negotiations, and that the lawyer who had prepared the commission's case had not been consulted. The subcommitee found that Myers was fully aware of the dismissal when he presented the decree which stated that the complaint was still pending. Finally, it was learned that Attorney General Sargent had been consulted about the transaction and had not opposed it. Summoned to explain, Myers told the subcommittee that he had attempted to inform Judge Soper fully of the dismissal of the complaint, but had been brusquely interrupted by the judge, who declined to hear explanations or to accept any responsibility, and summarily terminated the hearing by signing the decree, in order to depart on a vacation. Myers produced a carbon copy of a letter which he said he had sent Judge Soper afterward, stating that he "distinctly remembered" having apprised the judge of the dismissal.

* * * * *

WHEN Judge Soper, a jurist of unblemished reputation, heard of these aspersions, he hastened before the subcommittee to refute them, and he made a thorough job of it. He asserted flatly that Myers did not apprise him of the dismissal of the complaint by the commission. Half a dozen witnesses who had been in the courtroom corroborated his testimony. He declared that he did not expedite the hearing, but, on the contrary, exercised unusual care to see that the proceedings were in proper order. Again the witnesses corroborated him. He showed by his docket that he did not depart on a vacation, but continued to hold court all of that day and through ten succeeding days. Finally, he produced the original of Myers's letter to him, in which the writer, instead of stating that he "distinctly remembered," stated that he "had an impression," but was unwilling to trust his memory.

* * * * *

IN his final appearance before the subcommittee, Myers, assuming a manner reminiscent of William J. Burns, brazenly admitted that he "didn't give a damn what kind of a case the commission had against the Continental." This was already obvious, because it had been shown that he had made no effort to acquaint himself with the evidence which the commission's agents had painstakingly gathered over a period of several months. Receding from his previous claim that he had told Judge Soper about the dismissal, he asserted that "it is immaterial whether I did or not." As to the discrepancy between the original of his letter and the spurious "copy," he told a strange tale of mistakes on the part of his stenographer—which that frightened young woman tremblingly confirmed. It seemed that Myers had written one letter, and then destroyed it to write another, and that the carbon of the first letter had been filed by mistake, and by another mistake had been submitted to the committee. It was an odd coincidence that the carbon submitted by mistake conformed perfectly to Myers's original testimony, while the copy subsequently produced as the genuine was at variance with his testimony.

* * * * *

THE latest chapter in this astonishing narrative of jugglery, trickery, evasion, and plain lying is not the least interesting. Neatly whitewashed, the Continental has gone blithely on its way, gobbling up bakeries at the rate of one or two a week, until at last report it had acquired a total of ninety-three. Yet it remains secure and unmolested by those two departments of the Government which charged it with having violated the law by the acquisition of a mere twenty-five! President Coolidge has raised Myers to membership in the Federal Trade Commission. Supported by this fragrant record, and blessed with Presidential approval, he and Humphrey sit solemnly upon great cases involving alleged combinations in restraint of trade! The more one sees of Mr. Coolidge's appointments, the more one is inclined to feel that Harding, Daugherty, and Fall have been grossly maligned.

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In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER went with a friend the other evening to an amateur violin recital. The Drifter knew nothing about it in advance except that his friend was to be one of five persons who gathered weekly to play together at the home of the organizer of the group. When the Drifter and his friend arrived they were shown into a large parlor where the musicians were tuning up and an audience of half a dozen was waiting. There was a little typewritten program bearing in one corner the words "1209th Meeting." When the Drifter saw that he pricked up his ears at once and made further inquiries. Yes, it was true. The meeting was the twelve hundred and ninth gathering of the group or club—at least of the two brothers who constituted its nucleus. For some thirty years these two had been getting together once a week, except in summer time, inviting certain others—a more changeable group—to take part with them.

* * * * *

THE tuning-up ended and the players began on the score. One of the brothers, the leader, played the 'cello and the other a viola. The Drifter's friend furnished another viola and there were two violins. None of the players had practiced the program much, if at all, in advance, and it was good, solid music—Beethoven, Brahms, and Dvorak, if the Drifter recalls it aright. So the players stopped from time to time to go back over a passage or to discuss how a certain part should be done. The audience, all members of the family except the Drifter, followed the score closely and critically and added suggestions in regard to interpretation. After the playing was over, all adjourned to another room and relaxed from serious music into light conversation over the supper table.

* * * * *

WHERE did this happen? Certainly not in New York City, all the Drifter's readers will agree. That is the kind of thing that never can happen in New York City. The restless, changeable, crowded life of the metropolis leaves no room for it. Yet the Drifter testifies that it did happen in New York—not in a foreign quarter either, but on the upper West Side. And the two brothers are native Americans of English stock! The Drifter has always found it thus. It is precisely those things that never can happen in New York City which one is continually discovering there. The great city has its overtones and its undertones, and the oddity and integrity of the latter give substance to the drama of the metropolis, compensating for much that is tawdry and trivial and tosh. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hoch Hoover!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From *The Nation*, Jim Reed, Mr. Brand of Ohio, and other disinterested persons I have learned that Herbert Hoover is responsible for practically everything that has happened in the last twenty years. The farmers' troubles, unemployment, the coal mess, the oil mess—in one way or another Hoover is responsible for everything. Will Hays has said he is for Hoover, and Will Hays wangled a lot of money from Sinclair; therefore, Hoover is responsible for Teapot Dome. Q. E. D. But what if Hays suddenly said he was for Norman Thomas? Probably Hoover would be back of that. No one, so far as I know, has yet said that Hoover forged the Zinoviev letter, but I wouldn't be surprised. It is clear that Hoover should be President. The trouble with our Presidents lately has been that they could get nothing done. Wilson could not get the League of Nations; Harding could not keep the oil leases; and Coolidge. . . . We need as President a man so annoying to his opponents that they take extension courses in ancient history and fiction-writing to defeat him. Vote for Hoover.

Merced, California, April 4 CORNELIA MORAN

Dr. Sun and Maurice William

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of Sun Yat-sen's book "San Min Chu I" seems to be under the impression that Sun Yat-sen was a Marxian. He points out the conflict in Dr. Sun's mind "between Confucius and Marx," and observes: "Henry George as well as Karl Marx colored Dr. Sun's mind." But Dr. Sun definitely and unequivocally broke with Marxian socialism, repudiated it, and proved it to be inapplicable to Chinese conditions. Dr. Sun said in this very book: "But in China, where industry is not yet developed, class war and the dictatorship of the proletariat are unnecessary. So today we can take Marx's ideas as a guide, but we cannot make use of his methods. . . . Class war is not the cause of social progress; it is a disease developed in the course of social progress." On what ground did Dr. Sun repudiate Marxianism? He himself tells us (pages 382-383):

> Our Kuomintang has been advocating the Principle of Livelihood for over twenty years; we have not championed socialism but the Min-sheng Principle. Are the spheres of these two doctrines in any way related? Recently an American disciple of Marx, named William, after making a deep study of Marx's philosophy, came to the conclusion that the disagreement between fellow-socialists is due to defects in the Marxian doctrines. He sets forth the view that the materialistic conception of history is wrong; that the social problem, not material forces, is the center which determines the course of history, and that subsistence is the heart of the social problem. This social interpretation of history he believes is the only reasonable one. The problem of livelihood is the problem of subsistence. The new theory of this American scholar tallies exactly with the third principle of our party. William's theory means that livelihood is the central force in social progress, and that social progress is the central force in history; hence the struggle for a living and not material forces determines history.

But who is this "American scholar" William, on whom Dr. Sun leans so heavily? The translator thought it was Whiting Williams; in fact it is Dr. Maurice William, author of "The Social Interpretation of History—A Refutation of the Marxian Economic Interpretation of History." The book was published in 1921 by an obscure publishing firm, but was extensively reviewed. John Dewey in his book "Human Nature and Conduct" refers to it; a German translation was brought out in Berlin, with an introduction by Oswald Spengler.

The Kuomintang is seeking to reconstruct China on the basis of Sun Yat-sen's Three People's Principles, which, as we have seen, were greatly influenced by the views developed in William's "Social Interpretation of History." Bolshevism will never make any headway in China so long as the Kuomintang remains loyal to Dr. Sun and his principles.

New York, March 19 JOSEPH ELLNER

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The Webbs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the present year Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb keep a joint seventieth birthday, and it is proposed to celebrate this event by securing the painting of a joint portrait of them. The range of interests and activities covered by them has secured for them the respect and affection of people of many different ways of thinking. We hope that through your columns we may bring this project to the notice of many who otherwise might not hear of it. It is proposed that the portrait shall be placed in the new Founders' Room at the London School of Economics, which, among the many creations of the Webbs, holds perhaps a peculiar place in their affections. Sir Josiah Stamp has consented to act as honorary treasurer of the fund and checks for the portrait may be sent to him at the School of Economics.

C. S. ADDIS
W. H. BEVERIDGE
HALDANE
GILBERT MURRAY
G. BERNARD SHAW
ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND
HENRIETTA O. BARNETT
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
VIOLET MARKHAM
HERBERT SAMUEL
J. C. STAMP
GRAHAM WALLAS

London, England, March 27

Contributors to This Issue

STUART CHASE is director of The Labor Bureau, Inc., and coauthor of "Your Money's Worth."

CARLETON BEALS, the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino, has recently returned to Mexico City from Nicaragua.

ALAIN LOCKE is editor of the *New Negro*.

EZRA POUND, an American poet living in Italy, is the author of "Personae: Collected Poems."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN reviews fiction regularly for *The Nation*.

ROBERT FROST is the author of "North of Boston," "New Hampshire," and other volumes of verse.

JOHN COTTON DANA is librarian of the Newark Public Library.

JOHN DEWEY is the distinguished American philosopher.

GEORGE GENZMER is on the staff of the Dictionary of American Biography.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

JOHAN SMERTENKO is a New York critic and student of criticism.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War."

CLAUDE G. BOWERS is the author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

V. L. PARRINGTON is the author of "Main Currents in American Thought."

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer in Russian literature at the City College of New York.

ANITA BRENNER has lived most of her life in Mexico, and has contributed a number of articles on Mexican life and art to *The Nation*.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Mohammed."

ALEXANDER BAKSHY is a prominent critic of the drama and the cinema.

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International Relations Section

Russia Wants to Disarm!

THE speech of M. Litvinov, chairman of the Soviet delegation to the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva, read by him at the meeting on March 19 last appears below.

The Soviet draft convention for general, complete, and immediate disarmament, sent by the delegation of the USSR to the general secretary of the League of Nations a month ago, is entirely based upon those main theses presented by the Soviet delegation at the fourth session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission in November, last.

I have the honor to draw the attention of this commission to the fact that the draft convention provides for land, naval, and air forces in all states to be put into a condition not later than one year from its coming into force rendering it difficult to employ them for warlike purposes, thus considerably limiting the possibilities of armed conflicts even before the carrying out of complete disarmament. . . .

I venture to remind the commission that no attempts to give serious consideration to the Soviet proposals were made at its fourth session. During the extremely brief discussion of this question not a single serious argument against the Soviet proposal nor any practical criticism of it was put forward. The Soviet delegation is naturally unable to accept as criticism such remarks as have been heard, to wit: that the Soviet draft convention is "too simple," or that, even if complete disarmament were accomplished, the peoples would all the same fight among themselves in disarmed and disorganized masses, with sticks, pen-knives, fists, etc.

The cautious attitude and the refusal to discuss our proposals at the fourth session of the commission displayed by the other delegations may partly be explained by the novelty and unexpectedness of the Soviet proposals, although attempts were made to cast doubts even upon the novelty of our proposal. Mr. Benes, I seem to remember, referred to a Norwegian proposal similar to ours supposed to have been made to the League of Nations. I took the trouble to verify this statement, but was unable to find any traces whatsoever among the materials of the League of Nations, including those with which the disarmament section of the League was so kind as to furnish me at my special request, of any proposals for general and complete disarmament.

At the third commission of the League in 1924 the Norwegian delegation mentioned wishes expressed by the Interparliamentary Committee regarding the reduction of war budgets by one-half in the course of ten years. Even this was qualified by the stipulation that war expenditure incurred by individual states under the Covenant of the League of Nations should not be included in war budgets subject to reduction. There was not a word as to the abolition of the other half of war budgets or anything whatsoever about the reduction of armed forces and materials for war. The Danish delegation, referring to the same Inter-Parliamentary Committee, expressed a desire for the reduction of land armed forces in all countries, in accordance with the resolutions of the Saint-Germain Peace Treaty, i. e., allowing each state the right to keep an army of 5,000 per million inhabitants, and naval forces in accordance with the Versailles Treaty, i. e., 2,000 or 4,000 metric tons per million inhabitants. According to these calculations the USSR, for example, would be entitled to an army of almost 735,000, which would be an increase of 175,000 to its present standing army, and 200,000 metric tons to its navy, while China would be entitled to a standing army of something like two million. Such have been the most radical ideas with regard to disarmament so far expressed in the League of Nations. I say "ideas," for none of these have been crystallized in the form of proposals or resolutions or made the object of serious discussion. Lord Esher's plan, aspiring only toward the reduction of land and air armed forces, had also nothing in common with the idea of complete, general disarmament. It may therefore be considered irrefutable that the proposal for complete, general disarmament has been put in a definite form before the League of Nations, and indeed brought into the sphere of international relations, for the first time, and the USSR will always be proud to call this initiative their own. If, however, I dwell upon this point it is from no motives of mere sentiment, but because it seems to me that in certain League of Nations circles an erroneous conception exists that the Soviet delegation is wasting the Preparatory Disarmament Commission's time on proposals already discussed and rejected by the League. Such an erroneous conception, unless corrected, might react unfavorably on the further procedure with regard to our proposal.

The Soviet delegation, anxious as it was to speed up the consideration of its draft convention and thus bring nearer the beginning of real disarmament, nevertheless agreed to the postponement of the consideration of its proposals until the fifth (current) session, bearing in mind their novelty and desirous to give an opportunity for all members of the commission and their governments to make themselves ready for their practical consideration. With this aim the Soviet delegation provided the general secretary of the League of Nations with the draft convention, accompanied by an explanatory note, a month before the beginning of the fifth session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, for dispatch to the respective governments, and now considers itself entitled to insist on the practical consideration of its proposals without further delay.

The Soviet delegation considers it essential once more to emphasize the fact that nothing but the fulfilment of the convention for general, simultaneous, and complete disarmament, proposed by the USSR Government, is capable of solving in a satisfactory manner the problem of general security and peace. This would also in itself solve a series of other vexed international problems, such as the freedom of the seas, and so on. At the same time the execution of the Soviet scheme would not come up against the difficulties inevitably connected with partial disarmament. By way of example I would cite the matter of control, for it is perfectly obvious that it must be infinitely easier to control total, than partial, disarmament.

I would further emphasize the fact that the basis of disarmament as proposed by the Soviet delegation, being uniform and applicable to all states, is therefore the most equitable and the least likely to arouse opposition from individual states. It is precisely this, in my opinion, which constitutes the obvious simplicity of our proposal, although, strange to say, some of its opponents have endeavored to make an added objection of this very simplicity. . . .

The Soviet delegation therefore considers it indispensable that general discussion should result in a reply—not merely theoretical but quite clear and definite—being given to the questions: Does the Preparatory Disarmament Commission accept the principle of general disarmament during the period mentioned in the convention? And does it accept the proposal as to that rate of disarmament which would make war impossible in a year's time? The Soviet delegation considers that all other delegations and their governments have had time enough, if they cared to, to study both the underlying idea of the Soviet proposal and the draft convention in its finished form.

During the three and a half months which have elapsed since the fourth session of the Preliminary Disarmament Commission the Soviet delegation has had ample opportunity to convince itself that the idea of complete disarmament has been met and accepted with enthusiasm by the broadest masses of

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both hemispheres and by all progressive and peace-loving elements in human society. The innumerable addresses and resolutions of sympathy from labor parties and multifarious organizations, groups, and societies from all parts of the world which I am still receiving testify, among other things, to this. I will not impose upon your attention with an enumeration of all of these, but will venture to read only one—a collective address I received here a few days ago, signed by representatives in thirteen countries of 124 organizations (chiefly women's) whose total membership runs into many millions. This document, showing as it does the lively response among women evoked by the Soviet proposals, derives special importance from the extension of women's political rights now proceeding in many countries. Their declaration is as follows:

> On behalf of the growing world opinion, embodied in the organizations which we represent, we gratefully welcome the courageous proposals of the Soviet Government for complete and general disarmament, and note with satisfaction that they are to be discussed in detail by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at its next meeting on March 15.
>
> Being convinced that these proposals represent the will of the great mass of people in every country who are determined to make an end of war, and that, where the will exists, practical means can be realized for giving it effect, we urge with all the strength at our command that the members of the commission should examine the Russian proposals with the utmost care, and with the determination to place before the International Disarmament Conference, when it meets, some concrete scheme for the complete disarmament of the world within a definite period of time.

This document bears 163 signatures of the secretaries of the respective organizations. . . .

Mere theoretical discussions and arguments about disarmament no longer meet the case—it is time to take practical steps toward the realization of disarmament. It seems to me there has been more than enough of discussion of disarmament. I shall venture to furnish members of the commission with a few data, from which it will be seen that, as well as the General Assemblies of the League of Nations and the Council of the League, the thirty-eight sessions of which occupied themselves with the question of disarmament, not less than fourteen different commissions and other League organs devoted over 120 sessions—not sittings, mark you, but sessions—to this question of disarmament, on which 111 resolutions have been passed by General Assemblies of the League and the Council of the League alone. Turning to the results of this vast quantity of work, documentation of which has taken reams of paper, we are forced to the conclusion that not a single real step has been taken toward the realization of disarmament. The Soviet delegation considers that an end should be put to a situation which may discredit the very idea of disarmament. It would be loath for its proposals to serve merely for the multiplication of commissions and subcommissions or other organs, which would simply add to the existing resolutions with the same negligible results which have so far been achieved. The Soviet Government has not sent its delegation to Geneva for this sort of work. Absorbed in the vast problem of rebuilding an enormous state with a population of 150 millions on entirely new principles, and in the creation of a new social-economic structure in the face of the open opposition of the whole of the rest of the world and in the most unfavorable circumstances, it would never have turned aside from this work if its attitude to the problem of peace were not everything that is serious, practical, and sincere, and if this problem were not the keystone of its whole policy. In this connection I may be permitted to mention by way of illustration of the Soviet Government's serious attitude to the questions under discussion here the fact that although it did not take part in the League of Nations' Conference which passed the protocol for the prohibition of the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and of bacteriological

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methods of warfare, only adhering to the latter at the last session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, it was one of the states (three in all) to ratify this protocol, still unfortunately a dead letter owing to its non-ratification by other states, the majority of which are members of the League.

We are aware that shallow persons and equally shallow press organs pretend to see inconsistency between the peace-loving proposals of the Soviet Government and the maintenance and improvement of the red army. As a matter of fact, the USSR already has a smaller army, not to mention its navy, than any other state in proportion to its population and the extent of its frontiers, while if we consider individual security —the favorite theme of this Assembly—it must be admitted that Soviet Russia is in a less favorable position than any other state. It has almost the whole of the world against it, in unconcealed hostility to the new state. A glance at the press of any country on any day full of attacks, inventions, and libels on the USSR will serve to show the extent of this hostility. A number of countries have to this day not recognized the existence of the Soviet Government, already in its eleventh year, and non-recognition can only be construed as an act of hostility. But even those countries recognizing the Soviet state not infrequently indulge with a few exceptions in hostile manifestations which are often grave tests of the patience and peaceableness of the Soviet Government. The new Soviet state has seen its territory invaded by foreign troops which caused detriment to the state from the results of which it has not yet recovered. A part of the territory of the former Russian empire, the population of which unmistakably aspires toward the Soviet Union, is still occupied by foreign troops, preventing it from exercising its rights of self-determination. All this notwithstanding, the red army has remained during the ten years of its existence, and will continue to remain, exclusively a weapon of defense. The USSR does not require an army or a navy for any other purposes. . . .

In any case, the Soviet Government has declared and still declares through its delegation in Geneva that it is ready to abolish all the military forces of the Union in accordance with its draft convention as soon as a similar decision is passed and simultaneously carried out by the other states. The Soviet Government declares once more that it is ready for this, and asks the other governments represented here if they also are ready.

The Soviet Government expects a reply to this question at the present session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at which all the bigger states are represented. No subcommissions or any other auxiliary organs, in fact no body of a lesser composition and authority than the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, can give an answer. . . .

The proposals formulated by myself in two questions are so clear as neither to demand nor admit of preliminary diplomatic negotiations and conversations between different countries and groups of countries.

In conclusion I will venture once more to repeat the two main questions underlying our proposals:

1. Does the commission agree to base its further labors on the principle of complete disarmament during the period proposed by us? and

2. Is it prepared so to carry out the first stage of disarmament as to make the conduct of war, if not an absolute impossibility, of extreme difficulty in a year's time?

Only when unequivocal and affirmative replies have been given to these questions will it be possible to enter upon the detailed consideration of the Soviet draft convention. . . .

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Spring Book Section

Where Is American Culture?

By EZRA POUND

NOT only have the citizens of the United States shown a displeasing and exaggerated incapacity to maintain the civic institutions so nicely contrived and offered them by their forerunners, but we do not, now, in any save matters of flat and immediate utilities, find even that capacity for intelligent individual opportunism which has been known to exist in other times and places, even when the government was as trivial and malfeasant as our own.

Mr. Coolidge has acted as a corrective to certain Wilsonian excesses, but we now find the whole press saying voluminously and with diverse phrasing: "The Republican leaders are in despair because they cannot find a real and complete robot to succeed Mr. Coolidge, thus perfecting the American state as we conceive it." Elaboration of which considerations is off the main line of my discourse. The state of our government is a dreary and not a diverting subject. It is not funny, and the duty of the citizen is to build up so strong a force of hate against such maladministration that repetition cannot occur.

Outside of government we have enlightened opportunism exemplified in Henry Ford. This is admirable as far as it goes, but Ford's world is the world of the hired man. Ford himself *is* the hired man, raised to the thousandth degree, a titanic but by no means gargantuan figure, a revolutionist to such degree that the bickering of impotent reds concerning him is almost comic. If Marconi made the initial success of the Russian revolution possible, its continuance probably rests on Mr. Ford's shoulders. But where does this get us? For everything above comfortable brute existence there is a vacuum.

Obviously for any one as good in his own line as Mr. Ford, the local trade in cultural sawdust is inefficient to the point of raising his ridicule. A meeting of Ford, Edison, Burroughs, Burbank has in it a mental potential so much higher than that of the local ladies' cultural *bund* that no one, certainly not Mr. Ford, can be expected to direct his curiosity to the sawdust.

It is not the failure in culture of Americans who are doing something totally non-cultural but the utter inefficiency of those who do make a try at cultural activities that I am trying to "feature." Neither is it the "joke," as an active confrere puts it, of "one hundred million morons trying to start a civilization and utterly failing." The 100,000,000 are otherwise occupied, but there is an enormous annual outpouring of wealth toward an alleged cultural objective. A number of American individuals have tried to do something "fer kulchah," and so far as I know no one has tabulated the ratio of splurge to result in the case of these grandiose schemes conducted at so great expense and with such startling incapacity.

Brief Tabulation of Typical Cases

The Carnegie Libraries: Their defect is a lack of provision for the selection of books. No attempt is made to secure efficient transmission of knowledge to the serious reader via the system as a whole; or to have good syntheses made for the purpose of "vulgarization." And there is no provision for the serious student at all.

I mean that at twenty-two, stranded in Devil's Island, Indiana, I could make some use of the local Carnegie Library, but that at forty it would probably be utterly useless to me. So far as I know no attempt has been made to institute an exchange system between branches, such as exists between all university libraries in Germany, and all state libraries in Italy, by which the qualified worker anywhere can get any book owned by any of the libraries.

The superficial danger of a central selecting committee is said to be "standardization of knowledge." The practical danger of this is probably small, but in any case with an exchange system the Carnegie foundation could by now have had an unique collection of books. I mean they could have had every known book save ancient incunabulae and things extant only in single manuscripts. They could and can by cooperation cover the expenses of printing any new book needed in any particular field, merely by subscribing for a few hundred copies.

The foundation could have been creative as well as collective. It could have brought more efficient books into being, an enormous quantity, in fact, of better books of reference and information, and even encouraged contemporary belles lettres. Which latter it never has.

Tackle any member of a local Carnegie board on the subject of selection and he makes a trivial and fundamentally irrelevant answer. He says the people "don't read the good books, they want only light fiction." That is to say, he judges the consumption by quantity, by the number of times a book goes out, not by the amount of change it causes in the mind of the reader. Every book with a content leaves the reader permanently more competent than he was before reading it.

The Curtis Musical Foundation: This is much younger, much more definitely "constructive" in aim. There has been an enormous outlay and, so far as I know, the record of *one* comparatively small expenditure on *one* composer of distinction. That is a definite laurel leaf for the institution, but the whole musical situation in America is not as rosy as it is painted.

America is supposed to be the paradise of musicians. It buys a heavy percentage of all the best and superbest standard and superstandard repeaters. But the performer who wants to present music having some tendency to alter standards, to stretch the repertoire of accepted "concert stuff," does not have an easy time. And when we come to the life blood of a nation's musical life, actual composition on the spot, America answers: NIL.

There is the great hoorah over jazz; and when one does hear a good piece it turns out to be the quasi-anonymous tango of some unknown non-American writer. The modern dance forms offer magnificent opportunity for short composition, I mean for work as good as one finds in folk song or in minuets. But only in a very few tangos has a fair result been obtained: there are few pieces that will be worth some-

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one's while to collect in a century's time and put in the permanent anthology.

The Juilliard Foundation: One knows of no useful act committed by it. It has the bacilli of our university system—examinations, competent pupils, and strict avoidance of anything as heretical as the creative impulse.

The Morgan Library: This is almost the finest example of misapprehension on my list. Morgan was rivaling the Medici and Malatesta Novello, but for once he missed the point. He gathered priceless treasure, all dead. Manuscripts of great poems everywhere available in print, in cheap editions, in editions de luxe. He was the stupendous patron. A sycophantic journalist holds up for admiration the fact of Morgan's marvelous flair for money value—how he bought cheap, or even at great price, items that would "go up in value." As Morgan did so instinctively and as matter of habit he is not to be scorned on this account. But Morgan missed the point—at least if he thought he was being the Lorenzo and Malatesta de Cesena of this era. True, the Malatesta spent money they could ill afford on manuscripts, but these manuscripts were not then in print and the manuscripts of the Malatesta served as copy for Aldus, and so let loose a flood of unknown matter upon contemporary buyers of Aldines. Morgan to equal this action would have had not only to maintain active workers, translators, printers, but to find such items as an unpublished work of Voltaire or a lost play of Christopher Marlowe.

I am not being severe in this judgment. I naturally have no great sympathy for a man who had no contact with contemporary letters or art, but my treatment of him is fair and my comparison is perfectly just. The prototype of the Morgan collection is neither the Malatestine nor the Medici library, but the collection of saints' bones and metal caskets enshrined in Mouselice. We may want a civilization, but the personnel is still deficient; though perhaps the would-be patrons manage to come successively nearer the mark.

The Barnes Foundation: Mr. Barnes made a laudable effort; in his case we have a man personally concerned with what he is doing, not merely leaving it to underlings. He has produced by far the most intelligent book on painting that has ever appeared in America. He lives, presumably, in a state of high-tension hysteria, at war with mankind. But he has produced an admirable book, he does know something about Renoir. His book ought to help people to see a picture when they look at it. He has, I suppose, an admirable collection: but it is not produced in America. He has gathered a small group of helpers, but they are teachers merely; so far as one knows he wants to found a method of teaching art, not to cause art to exist on the spot. At any rate one hears no report of his having initiated American painting, or of his having American painters at work, or of his improving the quality of American production, though that may be his ultimate aim, and his pedagogy may (or may not) conduce thereto.

The Guggenheim Foundation: This is the most generously planned foundation of all. It sets out with the most admirable professed intentions, and it is perhaps early to condemn it, but unless it undergoes radical change in tone one cannot see that it has any chance of success as a fosterer of the arts. It will doubtless allocate fellowships in scientific and philological research with maximum competence. But you cannot expect professors to pick a winner among creative artists and writers. There is no known practitioner of any art on its selecting committee, and without that it is as useless for promoting creative work as I should be for picking winners on a Kentucky race track. I don't wish to imply any personal agreement with the contemporary standards of writing in America, but I should prefer a young writer picked by Cabell to one picked by the local high school, or one picked by Sinclair Lewis to one picked by the local professor of English.

The American dilemma is between men like Ford who manage a partial scheme of life excellently and the other kind who have more scope but manage it with lamentable inefficiency.

An immediate obstacle lies in the faith in filing systems and in the bureaucracy. This latter fester attacks not only civic government but "institutions"—universities, etc. The American millionaire is not interested primarily in civilizaton, i.e., in any system of life comparable to that of Pericles, or to that offered let us say to Bassinio in Rimini. When badgered into doing something about those arts or this highbrow stuff, he hands it on to a committee.

The first committee may have a "live wire" in its composition, it probably has the man who wrung the endowment out of the "patron," but it soon falls into the hands of the professor or the fonctionaire. The latter has the eunuch's jealousy of Don Juan. He also wants a soft seat and no disturbance. The pragmatic Alberti long ago advised young painters to have good manners, and added: Thereby you will often get a job that is denied to a better painter who is lacking in courtesy.

It is not that I am a crank; it is simply that the American millionaire is not serious in this matter of the arts. When he wants a thing done in his own world he does precisely what ought to be done. For example, Hetty Green's offspring is interested in aviation. What does he do? He does for the airplane exactly what the best patrons of art have always done for art. He does it unerringly. "Come down to my place, I'll grub-stake you. All the appliances are there for experiment. If you discover anything the profits are yours."

Who are we to force upon these people an ideal alien to their sensibilities?

A museum is a sarcophagus. A museum is alive only at one phase of civilization, i.e., during the first revolt against some utter wreck, the first stirring of sentient men amid a barbarism or among debris. Kept on after that phase the museum is a confession of failure, a confession of incapacity to make any new unit comparable to that from which the fragments have been collected. The British Museum, as distinct from its library, is the grave of English mentality; the South Kensington Museum with its old furniture is the last funereal dirge of British life. We may still need a few museums in America, but it is atrophic to regard them with more than tolerance; they are there as a property room, or as a dictionary. Only the half-dead can mistake them for the play, or the book, or the aim of a civilization.

[*Events too recent to have come to Mr. Pound's attention—notably the Guggenheim appointments and the selection of John Erskine as head of the Juilliard Foundation—may have altered the situation described above. Whether or not this is so, the article as a whole is to be taken as an expression of Mr. Pound's personal opinion on the subjects discussed.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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The Whole Duty of the Young Novelist

By CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

HOW can one plot and determine the course of a literary movement? When can it be said to be ended?

In a previous article I expressed the not particularly original opinion that the phase of the American novel which began with the towering figure of Theodore Dreiser reached its climactic with "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Babbitt" and is now coming to a significantly inglorious close with Mr. Louis Bromfield and the Lethean remnants of the prairie fictioneers, those who are now winning all the five-thousand-dollar prizes—the jackals' spoils after the lions have departed. That great American novel-eruption which blew the late Stuart P. Sherman out of his critical wits and landed Mr. Mencken into an incongruously large editorial chair is probably spitting its last lava. Mr. Anderson is editing, with great credit to himself, a country newspaper. Mr. Dreiser is expressing his views on Russia and is being regarded with amusement by Mr. J. P. Morgan's experts. Mr. Lewis publishes a sketch in the *American Mercury* which with great skill proves that the conversation of a certain Mr. Schmaltz is an unutterable bore after the second page. Mr. Mencken's renowned periodical is the sole support of half the newspapermen in America. Mr. Cabell produces his annual illusion-novel to convince us that he can still cry echo to "Jurgen."

When does a literary movement end? Not necessarily when its exponents produce feeble work. Naturalism has not breathed its last gasp because Mr. Bromfield happens to be a bad writer or because the latest corn-fed novelist sends us to sleep. These may be accidents. Of themselves they fail to persuade us that tomorrow a new great naturalist may not arise and, though hampered by an outworn form, still give us something in some way moving. A literary movement is dying when its finest productions fail to offer artistic nourishment to a new generation of writers. It is on its last legs when its central emotion fails to move young people. When the experience which gave birth to it is a dead thing, it itself is dead. Finally, when the forms it has created petrify and become adequate only for that experience, it is dead.

Let us now look at the problem more constructively from the point of view of the young writer who fails to receive from his elders the constant nourishment he has a right to expect. If we assume that he has finally localized his dissatisfaction he may begin, particularly if he is a theoretician, to build up for himself a program of development which will be largely a reaction to the program Mr. Anderson and Mr. Cabell and Mr. Lewis evolved for themselves. He will draw up a Whole Duty of the Young American Novelist; then if he has the spark he will write significant fiction; and if he has not, he will simply be an intelligent man who will read it. The results of his cogitations may possibly be summarized as follows:

"Things which I have learned to take for granted after reading my elders or which I appear to take for granted without reading them—these things I must not use as thematic material. This is in obedience to the fundamental law of all imaginative writing which states that a work of literary art is always the resolution of an emotional conflict; and things which I take for granted cannot generate conflict in me. I have learned, for example, that the American middle class is dull, stupid, and materialistic. As a blanket statement this seems so obviously true that I cannot become indignant about it; and I observe that my more intelligent neighbors cannot, either. Nor can I follow Mr. Mencken in his vaudeville-show attitude because there is no variety in such an attitude and because, if Mr. Mencken is unable any longer to write interestingly from that attitude, surely I cannot. Accordingly, either I must avoid problems connected with the stupidity of the middle class or I must focus my vision so as to view some isolated portions of that class from a new and untried angle. Here I remember Mme Bovary. Similarly it is impossible for me to get excited about the discovery of sex, the depravity of American politics, or the nineteenth-century materialism of Herbert Spencer. If I find my indignation rising at some particularly sordid chapter in our political life, I will examine that indignation and discover that it is a crusading and propagandizing emotion. Accordingly, I will release that emotion in the most economical and effective way—through the avenues of journalism and pamphleteering. Upon referring to the works of my elders I observe that they have failed to analyze their emotion, with the result that they have released it in the irrelevant form of the novel.

"Connected with all this is the perception that my elders were concerned over and excited by certain standard preoccupations which cannot possibly concern or excite me. Among these preoccupations are the general conceptions involved in the words revolt, Puritanism, etc. Inasmuch as my elders have won the revolt I need no longer busy myself with what is after all little more than a phraseological inheritance. I note also that their shibboleths are not mine: that the words freedom, liberty, self-expression are not emotionally connotative to me; but that the words discipline, criticism, and irony are. Why this should be so I have yet to examine; but evidently the *Zeitgeist* has changed. It is part of my duty to find out why and exactly in what direction it has changed, and also to prevent myself from slavishly following it. Possibly this adventure itself will prove the sort of problem which arouses conflict within me and may lead to an artistic resolution.

"I note that my elders were forced to discover their own country in order to effect their revolt and that therefore they often became a captive to the very provincialism they were denouncing. The outward manifestation of this situation was the production of regional novels and the Mid-Western School. Upon examining myself I find it necessary to chart my world in terms other than geographical; the study of locality fails to interest me; I perceive that Dostoevski, for instance, who lived in a larger and more varied country than my elders, made his journeys in the mind. Upon further analyzing the sensation I get of provincialism in the work of my elders, I conclude that when they outgrow localism their very absorption in the struggle tends to land them in the slough of nationalism. Their intense interest in America has to an extent insulated them from foreign contacts, except in so far as these contacts offer a further release from American life (a process which does not interest me). When I visit Paris

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I discover that intelligent Frenchmen admire Sherwood Anderson as a national product, a curiosity. But I find that I can admire Proust without feeling this limitation.

"I conclude, then, that it is my duty to ally myself with the developed European tradition of novel-writing. I am doubly forced to this conclusion because I am unable to find in my elders any novel tradition which is based on their own predecessors or which is sufficiently organic to allow me to feed on it. Also, my as yet unanalyzed prejudices in favor of discipline and self-criticism lead me to welcome the educational process involved in the study of contemporary European fiction. I believe, though it would be difficult to effect a complete proof, that my elders were unfortunately imperfectly educated and that this imperfect culture, though worn proudly by such a writer as Anderson, marred and botched their work.

"As I learn more and more about my European contemporaries I receive a simple but valuable insight: that the novel is to them a craft in which the most exquisite pleasure is received by the novelist in the posing and solution of aesthetic problems. Upon referring to my elders I discover that they are not interested in such problems; or, when they express interest, it is in the sentimental terminology employed by Mr. Anderson when he talks of 'craftsmanship' and 'the handling of words.' The biographic-naturalistic form which they use I find to be the most elementary of available forms and the one which offers the least lively challenge to the intellect. It is therefore part of my duty to seek out, even purposively, complex forms and complex problems. I will, of course, employ forms finally not for their bizarrerie but with regard to their applicability to my age and time. I arrive at the conclusion, however, that Mr. Dreiser's straight-line form and Mr. Anderson's lyric-intuitive winding form seem to possess no further vitality for me. Perhaps when we have exhausted the new forms we will return to these old ones with a fresh point of view, born of long absence; and we will easily discover new potentialities in them. But there is no use in endeavoring to force those potentialities unnaturally at the present moment.

"Finally, I discover in myself a reaction away from the democratic sympathies implied in the theme and texture of the work of my elders. I realize that Mr. Mencken's anti-democratic fulminations inherit whatever vigor they possess from the fact that Mr. Mencken is only a step above the objects of them. I realize further that this accounts psychologically for his tremendous audience and also for the fact that this audience is constantly being recruited from a lower and lower level of intelligence. I conclude, therefore, that there must be a complete separation of myself from my audience; or better still, I must avoid the mistake made by Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Lewis in writing with an audience, large or small, in mind. Such an envisioning of the audience relates the product to journalism where this imaginative relation is the *sine qua non*. My mind is to be fully occupied with the solution of the aesthetic problems that arise in the course of the composition. If they are petty problems, I will at least have derived some intellectual exercise; if they are not petty and I have been honest in solving them, my work may have significance."

The advantage of the foregoing hypothetical analysis is that it places in a clearer light the work so far effected by the younger generation of American novelists. They are very different and they would probably quarrel among themselves if they were all placed together in a locked room. Yet they all of them sympathize to some extent with at least a portion of the young writer's imaginary musings. They do not form a group or a school; some of them have not even consciously revolted against their elders—but the most complete revolts are those which are unconscious.

In my opinion, the writers who have arrived at something which is definable and solid and which is conceived within a tradition directly opposed to that of Dreiser's school are Conrad Aiken, Glenway Wescott, and, with some slight reservations, Thornton Wilder. Among those whose writing indicates an intelligent glimpsing of the aesthetic problem facing their generation but who have not entirely succeeded in solving that problem are Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Roberts, Nathan Asch, W. L. River, and Gertrude Diamant, whose work is for the most part still unpublished. That there are others one could add to this list is obvious; but the illustrations will serve. One or two writers whose development has been mysteriously wayward puzzle the critic. The name of Waldo Frank suggests itself here.

It will be observed that not a single one of the writers above mentioned is crusading for anything. Not one of their works is the product of indignation. In each of them some emotional conflict, whose subjective nature baffles our detective ability, has been working. It is quite clear, however, that this conflict is in no instance a function of the conflicts which agitated their elders. Furthermore, they have clarified this conflict by annexing it to some particular aesthetic problem. In the case of Mr. Aiken this problem is connected with a subtle modification of the stream-of-consciousness technique. In that of Mr. Wescott the problem has been to employ a loose chronicle style and yet convey one emotional unit—the sense of a family. His problem, furthermore, is connected with an attempt to create this sense of a family conditioned by an environment without having recourse to the local-color technique so freely employed by his elders. Mr. Wilder is concerned with establishing a character relationship by a more delicate means than that which he would naturally inherit from his seniors. His problem is that bound up with the notion of conveying the widest possible philosophical emotion with the greatest possible economy of means. His secondary problem is that of suggesting a sense of the *impingement* of one character upon another. It is the writer's opinion that the solution of these five problems is a greater achievement for American literature than all the works of Anderson, Lewis, and Cabell combined.

One notes also, in the productions of these young authors, a decreasing interest in the purely local and the limitedly American. One notes the absence of the lyric, confessional note, and one feels that the author is in possession of some secret source of power, some mastery over his characters, which mastery he has not injected into the book. This is equivalent to saying that the author is at all times more intelligent than the most intelligent of his characters —a situation not discoverable in Anderson, for example, where the writer is always the hero and never more than the hero.

If one probes these writers' sources one discovers that they are probably European, that without being too obviously imitative these novelists have attached themselves to a nourishing, organic, and exciting literary tradition. It is

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this which removes from them the least hint of provincialism; and which gives us the sense that they are artists working in obedience to the rules of their craft and not merely in obedience to a stimulus such as the stupidity of the mob or the discovery that business men get bored with their wives upon reaching the age of thirty-five. Finally, this feeling of craftsmanship, of absorption in a particular problem and a particular exclusive atmosphere, raises them above any preoccupation with a possible audience. They are aristocrats; and the fact that several of them have won wide popular acclaim is irrelevant, except to suggest the fact that the American public, too, is losing its naivete, has learned its lessons, is dissatisfied with the elementary sensation of revolt against its environment. The novels of this scant half-dozen, though they make but a poor show upon a long library shelf, are the most heartening phenomena visible in our literature today. No one of these young writers, it is probable, is a great man in the sense that Melville was great. We need not therefore look to them for a "Moby Dick" or a "Magic Mountain"; but we can expect from them fiction which is the result of ordered thought, the rejection of impermanent or irrelevant material, and an aristocratic habit of mind. Young as they are, they are our only adult novelists.

The Bear

By ROBERT FROST

The bear puts both arms round the tree above her
And draws it down as if it were a lover
And its choke-cherries lips to kiss goodby,
Then lets it snap back upright in the sky.
Her next step rocks a boulder on the wall.
(She's making her cross-country in the fall.)
Her great weight creaks the barbed wire in its staples
As she flings over and off down through the maples,
Leaving on one wire tooth a lock of hair.
Such is the uncaged progress of the bear.
The world has room to make a bear feel free.
The universe seems cramped to you and me.
Man acts more like the poor bear in a cage
That all day fights a nervous inward rage,
His mood rejecting all his mind suggests.
He paces back and forth and never rests
The toe-nail click and shuffle of his feet,
The telescope at one end of his beat,
And at the other end the microscope,
Two instruments of nearly equal hope,
And in conjunction giving quite a spread.
Or if he rests from scientific tread,
'Tis only to sit back and sway his head
Through ninety-odd degrees of arc it seems,
Between two metaphysical extremes.
He sits back on his fundamental butt
With lifted snout and eyes (if any) shut
(He almost looks religious but he's not),
And back and forth he sways from cheek to cheek,
At one extreme agreeing with one Greek,
At the other agreeing with another Greek,
Which may be thought but only so to speak.
A baggy figure equally pathetic
When sedentary and when peripatetic.

Why I Do Not Read Modern Fiction

By JOHN COTTON DANA

A DEFINITION is needed, and this appeals to me: "Modern fiction is the kind I do not care to read." I was reared, of course, on Scott and Thackeray, with a still earlier contact with Captain Mayne Reid and Cooper and Ballantine. For many years after this period of novel apprenticeship I read all kinds, from translations from the Russian to gentle tales of the Cranford type, and in latter days have fairly wallowed in the books of adventure which have poured out of the press and which are evidently read by thousands—though no longer praised by our reviewers!

I have been selecting books for public libraries for several decades. More than twenty years ago an examination of many lists of best novels made by many persons, and of many lists of the novels found in our larger libraries, and of novels mentioned in books on literature, led me to conclude that of all fiction written in the English language there then were about six hundred volumes of the first rank. (Perhaps forty or fifty translations should be added to these.) To put it in another way, I believed then, and still do, that if a hundred of the best obtainable judges of fiction were each asked to compile a list of a thousand of the best novels, about six hundred titles would be found to be common to more than half the hundred lists.

English-speaking peoples have been writing novels for more than two centuries, and during nearly seventy-five years they have produced thousands each year. If the conclusion reached by the study just mentioned is fairly accurate, then of novels of the first rank we now have to our credit, adding a hundred for the last twenty years, about seven hundred. But if the critics of any given period of, say, the last fifty years spoke honestly and with full knowledge of values when they described the novels that moved them to praise, we must have produced more than six hundred novels of first rank in the last half century alone. I am convinced that our novelists have not done that.

I have not read all of the six or seven hundred best novels of all time. My reading for nearly forty years has been largely for book selection and not for book reading. The notes on books, descriptive and critical, that have come under my eye in these book-buying years probably numbered tens of thousands. As I read these, year after year, I found I was acquiring a deep distrust of criticisms—of novels especially. At first I was inclined to join the critics in hailing as masterpieces a goodly portion of each year's output. I read novels freely and, as I enjoyed them myself, it is probable that, like the critics, I thought them far better than they truly were. But years and decades went by, and masterpieces fell into neglect and often under condemnation. This want of harmony between the laudations of the critic and the decisions of Father Time became more and more obvious; until finally I acquired the deplorable habit of looking with suspicion and often with downright disapproval on novels that the critics—and usually an obedient public also—most highly praised.

Such was my general state of mind about decorated and medaled fiction when the modern American novels came

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on the scene a few years ago. I tasted them and, perhaps in part, as I have hinted, because of the high laudations they received, I found they gave me no pleasure. In particular I found them not at all in harmony with what I had seen of life. They grovel to attract attention. The skilful beggar hangs on his chest the legend "I am blind," though his eyes are still good. Our modernist hangs on the portals of his stories of American life the legend "Warranted to be slimy and slummy," and brings his audience to a tale which is merely banal and boring.

Also I have come to be critical of the liking of things and manners that are loudly in fashion. Of late years, in the art of fiction as in the arts of sculpture and painting, not to speak of architecture, textiles, jewelry, and other arts and crafts, a change has come over both technique and topic. I am not at all sure that by this change in fashion we have arrived at anything which is strictly new, though each slight change in style and subject matter is hailed as very new indeed and, too often, as a long step forward. If the enthusiastic supporters of "modern" novels would take a good look at fiction from the days of Homer or of the Hebrew poets down through the centuries, they might, some of them, discover that style and subject matter in fiction have, not once but often, gone through the identical gamut of change that they are going through now—yet have always remained about the same; and that to admire greatly each phase as it reappears is merely to be in the fashion. They might find in Petronius anticipation of the modern slumminess. They might find models for modern form and point of view in such a work as "Tristram Shandy." Fielding was a novelty in his day, and refused to pay much attention to polite reservations in speech. The Victorians were generally rather prudish, we sometimes claimed. But even in those days Zola brought us in both manner and substance a change quite as violent, I would think, as is the change that has come over novel writing in recent years.

I could further point these remarks on the rule of fashion with observations on ladies' clothing, or on the awful outcome of a certain up-to-dateness in architecture; but I choose, as not quite so familiar, the present status of engraving on wood. If the recent *Studio* volume on "Woodcuts of Today" is even fairly suggestive of how artists are behaving, then they are almost as subject to the popular mood of the moment as is the young lady with the vanity box. Blackness is the word; with due attention to distortion, or at least a touch of the bizarre. From Russia to our own United States this modernity of the woodcut has been hailed as new and very good. From which also, as the products of this fashion are surely destined to a pleasing oblivion, I gain further courage to hold to my faith that the modern American novel is the outcome of fashion and imitation, and we shall get over it, as we get over other things, in due season.

These are the not very plausible reasons for my unwillingness to read modern novelists—which is accompanied, I am glad to say, with an abiding pleasure in the tales of Captain Dingle. I frankly admit that the years have touched my interests, and that novels which are lovely to the modern youth are to me not infrequently mere crackling of old thorns. Novels of adventure I still devour by the score. A patient public is rarely told how many good ones are produced each year, and read by low-brows and ancients like myself.

First Glance

"MY People the Sioux" (Houghton Mifflin: $4), by Luther Standing Bear, Hereditary Chief of the Oglala Tribe of the Sioux Nation, is another one of those infinitely touching documents which it is the lot of this age to see published. It is a document, that is to say, bearing upon the death of Indian culture in North America; and as such it is one of the most interesting books I have read in a long while. Standing Bear (the Luther came later, in Pennsylvania) was born long enough ago (1868) to have known what it was to be an Indian. His boyhood in the Black Hills was not so very different from the boyhood spent by every one of his ancestors since there were Sioux beyond the Mississippi. For all practical purposes he had his beginning in the Stone Age, as now for all practical purposes he is a perfect citizen of the Age of Steel. He remembers possessing a culture still unwithered by the presence of white men on the plains, and he gives an account of that culture—its games, its rituals, its relationships, its handicrafts, its serious pursuits of food and war—which has not often been excelled by other Indian authors, I fancy, in clarity and completeness. The picture is of a people quite adequately supplied with the ideas proper to their world. They understood their soil, their sky; they understood the buffalo that moved across the one and the birds that moved across the other; and they understood themselves. But they needed a wide world for their thought, and the picture is also of the horizon drawing in upon them until they no longer had room to know themselves. When the white men came slaughtering buffaloes by the million, these other men lost not only the creature they lived by but the subtlest, the most graceful, the most restrained of their arts. A buffalo hunt as Standing Bear describes it was definitely a work of art.

Then Standing Bear went while still a boy to Carlisle School in Pennsylvania, was given the name of Luther, and wisely—but all too sadly—worked to become like any other citizen of the United States, learning English, cutting his hair, and going in the summers to be a clerk in Wanamaker's store at Philadelphia. Though eventually he was to return beyond the Mississippi, marry an Indian wife, and take an oath as hereditary chief to labor always for the good of his tribe, and though he has fulfilled that oath within the limits imposed at present upon a chief, he was from the time of his going to Pennsylvania marked as an Indian who was no longer an Indian in anything except color and name. His father, the original Standing Bear, whom he had worshiped throughout his boyhood and whose story here is quite as interesting as the son's, announced to him on the occasion of a visit to Carlisle: "My son, since I have seen all those cities . . . I begin to realize that our lands and our game are all gone. . . . There is nothing but the Long Knives [white people] everywhere I went, and they keep coming like flies. So we will have to learn their ways in order that we may be able to live with them." The father came, incidentally, in "a gray suit, nice shoes, and a derby hat; but he wore his hair long. He looked very nice in white men's clothes." There we have it, all summed up in that derby hat on the head of a man who had once owned the sky and who had once captured a wild horse

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through the use of skill that his little son could not understand. We have it also in the dedication of the book:

In loving memory of
My father
Chief Standing Bear the First
A warrior of distinction
A great leader and counselor among his people
In later life an earnest Christian
Who walked the trails of peace and harmony
Constantly striving for
The betterment of his race.

MARK VAN DOREN

Things, Thought, Conversation

Possibility. By Scott Buchanan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Dialectic. By Mortimer Adler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IT is customary, I believe, for a reviewer to speak of a first book by a new author as promising. The promise contained in Mr. Buchanan's book is based on solid achievement. It is more than an earnest and pledge of something to come; it is itself a significant intellectual achievement. It provides one of those simplifications of a complicated and far-reaching problem that when once it is made causes one to wonder why it has not been done before, especially as the history of thought is now seen to contain so many and so near approaches to it.

The simplification proceeds from envisaging many (I am tempted to say all) philosophical problems as concerned at their root with the question of the relation of actuality and possibility: an insight that gains added significance when joined with the perception that the predicaments and entanglements of living have their source in the same remarkable intersection of direct and imaginative experience.

"One lives," as the author says, "in one world and believes in another, suffering this and at the same time expecting or desiring that." We are caught in what is actual, but in every such entrapment there is the sense of something beyond, something more and something different—of possibilities. The too usual procedure is to try to live in each world separately and by turns. The philosophic temper consists in an endeavor to see them together in a single perspective. To attain to this vision is to have in one's possession "an organon of intellectual imagination."

The book is a contribution to the formation of such a method, by means of a consideration of the operation of the idea of possibility in three fields: artistic creation, science, and metaphysics. The reach of the simplification effected by Mr. Buchanan is manifested in his seeing the fact that the relation of the actual and the possible is involved equally in art, science, and metaphysics. The upshot is that unreal barriers which commonly divide these three fields, to our intellectual confusion, are broken down. A single method or logic that is operative in all of them is revealed.

As to the first of the three fields, the basic idea of Mr. Buchanan is introduced by means of a distinction between aesthetic form and imaginative form. The former is concerned with content, with the materials of the work of art, which may be the same in an epic or a drama or a novel. Imaginative form consists of certain structures which are universal; the actual subject matter in relation to these forms is, to use his mathematical simile, like the relation which values introduced into a formula bear to a system of variables. This structure of connected and consistent possibilities gives true intellectual form to a work of art; it is similar in kind to the function of hypothesis and theory in science. A novel that is a work of art "spreads a vast canvas of possibility on which actual affairs may be projected and seen in perspective." There are logical compatibilities in the relations of the possibilities presented which have to be observed and displayed as truly as in a scientific project. The subordination of actual details to the intrinsic logic of these possibilities measures the degree of intellectual form achieved. The immense scope of the realm of possibilities decrees that there may be an immense variety of artistic creations—provided each is true to the pattern of relations among possibilities imposed by its own type.

It is in virtue of the coherent, or logical, relations involved in any structure of possibilities that elements of imagination become symbols of the actual so as to be capable of truth and falsity. When we pass from enjoyment of the canvas of possibilities, with the actual figures and scenes it contains, to the status of possibility as applied to the actual and as tested by the application, we move from art to science. "When imaginative or aesthetic possibility takes on responsibility, it becomes scientific." Any scientific construction, like any work of art, projects a set of actual existences upon a canvas of possibilities; the latter, since they are possibilities, are connected with imagination rather than with observation. "Facts" in isolation from the system of ordered possibilities are a heap of scraps rather than a science. The difference between art and science lies not in the presence or absence of this imaginative form, but in its testing by application, in which it is discovered whether the possibilities are capable of symbolizing the actualities in question, and in the special care taken with the interrelations of the elements of the structure of possibility. These must present, first, a set of constants that represent the conditions to be met; second, a field of variations or a class of particulars; and third, a rule of order or set of relations defining the co-variations in this field. In so far we have a formal or mathematical science. This is changed into physical or existential science when the structure of possibilities is employed to describe some actual individual. It is true or "real" in so far as it then symbolizes some actual state of affairs. The fallacy which so often enters into the interpretation of science consists in taking this intellectual or theoretical form to exist, or to be a part of actuality, in the same sense as are the things which it is used to symbolize. Such a view converts symbols into things symbolized, a structure of possibilities into a physical fact. The worth of theoretic apparatus depends not upon its being itself existent but upon its *applicability* to actualities.

Discussion passes into the metaphysical realm when the problem of the relation of possibility to actuality is envisaged in its general form. Possibility sometimes means power, potency, this being displayed in the region of the concrete and actual; and sometimes it means intellectual or logical possibility, with the coherences and consistencies therein involved. Confusion of the two senses has played havoc with metaphysics; for it often takes advantage of the ambiguity to identify actual potentiality in existence with a system of ideal possibility. Idealistic metaphysics is a typical case of this confusion. Realistic systems are often involved in the same confusion, but in the opposite sense. They treat logical possibilities as part of the system of physical or psychical actuality. Mr. Buchanan has here provided us with a keen weapon of philosophic criticism, so keen that one almost wonders at the restraint with which he employs it.

This notice hardly covers more than the first half of the book. But it may give the reader some inkling of why Mr. Buchanan is to be congratulated on having done a first-class piece of much needed intellectual work. My mind recurs to the idea of simplification and clarification. Doubtless debate will long go on regarding the relation of real and ideal, thought and things, essence and existence, in connection with morals, science, the theory of knowledge, and metaphysics. But reduction of the issues to the one central issue of the relation of the actual and the possible is a liberating achievement. Even those who do not accept Mr. Buchanan's proposals and conclusions should find his method a solvent of many am-

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biguities and an eliminator of many confusing irrelevancies. There is meat in the book for immediate consumption; it offers seeds with which to sow many a flourishing intellectual garden.

Mr. Adler's book is also published in the valuable and growing International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. The jackets of the two books suggest they should be read in conjunction, and each has a number of cross-references to the other. Mr. Adler's book, in spite of its many interesting suggestions, does not seem to me to move quite on the plane of the other. It is concerned with an important practical problem, the conduct of fruitful dispute, of intellectual conversation about some question in controversy or at least in doubt. It is an attempt to analyze the logic of this universally recurring situation so as to state the conditions under which controversial discussion may contribute to enlightenment. To my mind the chief defects of the analysis spring from the attempt to mark off too fixedly the field of dispute and its logic from that of empirical inquiry on the one hand and the logic of mathematics on the other. His statement that "empirical or scientific thinking has received thorough formulation" is a surprising one. I should have said that the logic bearing on such thinking is thoroughly infected with uncertainty and controversy; there is not even any agreed-upon theory as to the nature and basis of induction. His statement is made incidentally, to be sure, but it exhibits the ground on which alone Mr. Adler can differentiate as rigidly as he has done the field of controversy from that of empirical inquiry. It underlies his basic thesis that appeal to fact is irrelevant to dialectic, or the logic of controversy. There is a sense in which this is formally true; but surely one fruit of dialectic, and its most precious one, is not mere clarification of ideas but the kind of clarification which makes evident what sort of facts are to be looked for and how and where to search for them in order to settle the matter under dispute. If criticism were made from the side of empirical logic it would take the form of saying that doubt and rival possible interpretations are as much a part of scientific inquiry as they are of social debate.

In consequence, the reviewer has found the most significant part of Mr. Adler's book in what he refers to as "very much the least important" of its three parts, namely, the empirical description of argumentative dispute. Here we have an account of language and the complications involved in its use, and a statement of the obstructions in human nature to effective and fruitful discussion, together with suggestions as to how these difficulties may be reduced and natural barriers surmounted. This section is full of shrewd observations and helpful insights; the book was well worth writing for its sake alone. The more formal portion, and that which Mr. Adler seems most to prize, suffers, to my mind, from too much borrowing from mathematical logic, in spite of the distinction theoretically set up between it and the logic of dispute. Were it not for the sharp barrier instituted between dialectic and the method of empirical inquiry, the polemic element would not be so emphasized. It would, in fact, when the personal and emotional element of strife and desire for victory is eliminated, reduce itself to that consciousness of possible alternatives which is present in all thinking. In an interesting chapter Mr. Adler presents the idea that the genuine subject matter of philosophy is the realm of possibilities and that therefore its method is dialectic. He says in this connection many significant and true things about philosophy and philosophies, but here also he seems to me to turn an isolation of the realm of ideas which is a necessary preliminary to a consideration of its relation to the actual world into an unnecessarily fixed separation. Unless the latter question is somewhere faced, philosophies are but logically organized fantasies, and one is superior to another only with respect to its internal coherence.

Both books are evidence of growing vitality and independence on the part of the younger American philosophers. They will stand critical comparison with the best European contributions to the library in which they appear. The editor of the series merits grateful recognition for the independence he shows in the selection of material and writers and for his willingness to give new writers a chance to find an audience.

JOHN DEWEY

The King of Erewhon

The Collected Works of Samuel Butler. Edited by Henry Festing Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. Shrewsbury Edition. Twenty volumes. E. P. Dutton and Company. $160.

IT is almost twenty-six years since Henry Festing Jones buried the ashes of Samuel Butler under the shrubbery beside the Woking crematorium. In the years that have followed Butler has come to be recognized as a figure of some consequence in Victorian literature, and to the memory of his friend Mr. Jones has raised two imposing monuments. The first was the bulky, serene, tender-hearted, and in some places almost Shandean "Memoir," which revealed at full length a personality the most elusive and puzzling that has appeared in the English-speaking world since Walt Whitman. The second, in preparing which he has had the expert collaboration of Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, is a definitive edition of Butler's writings, edited with exemplary care and skill and published with a sumptuousness that alone would do much to insure its permanence. The Shrewsbury edition is, indeed, so handsome and so well edited that one feels impelled to ask, What has Butler done to deserve this tribute? After all, is his place in English literature any but a minor one?

The fact that we still ask these questions testifies both to the bewildering character of the man himself and to the misapprehensions of his critics. Few men have been so at war with themselves as was Butler. He seems to have been a triple personality. Under one carapace lived an earnest, but somewhat ill-equipped theologian, a cruelly inhibited artist, and an obstreperously clever satirist. The three contradicted each other incessantly, sometimes tried to undo each other's work, and could seldom be persuaded to team together. The outcome, in terms of published books, was a row of botches and a second, shorter row of works of genius. It is little wonder, then, that critics have had a hard tussle with him. With uncanny discretion Mr. Jones refrained in the "Memoir" from discussing Butler's intellectual history. Those who have undertaken the task have apparently been worried by its difficulty and have tried to lighten their work by studying one aspect of the man's mind in artificial isolation from the others. In so doing they have disregarded one of the axioms of criticism and have fallen inevitably into error. Even at this date, consequently, it is possible to read Butler's collected works with a sense of personal discovery. The Butler disclosed in his own writings, taken in their entirety, is a man still undescribed by critics and literary historians.

In spite of his reputation as an iconoclast and innovator, he was at heart a conservative who developed his peculiar doctrines in trying to live at ease amidst the intellectual and religious turmoil of his generation. As I have indicated, he was something of a theologian, his principal effort being to formulate a creed that would protect him on the one side against supernaturalism and enthusiasm—in the old theological sense—and on the other against bleak, inert materialism. Unfortunately he did not know enough to set about the business properly; he blundered along unassisted and never suspected in what quarter he might have obtained help. To dispose of the supernaturalists he resorted to a jejune historical criticism mixed with irony and satire—a product much resembling what Bob Ingersoll was peddling successfully in America—and then embraced the Darwinian theory as his best ally in the campaign. It is much to his credit that he soon discovered what Darwin had let him in for, but in attempting to extricate himself he fell foul of plain, unbudge-

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able biological fact, was drawn into senseless, damaging personal disputes, grew more and more muddled about his own theory of purposive evolution, and finally took refuge in pantheism. In the course of his adventures he several times grazed the edges of great ideas, and much of his reputation as a thinker rests on thoughts that he left undeveloped, whose value he realized only dimly. As a critic of manners and institutions he was far more successful. Here his native shrewdness and observation served him admirably and were aided by the intellectual detachment which had come to him through hard experience. His work in this department remains as fresh and pungent, and as wise, as when it was written.

Whatever else Butler may have been or tried to be—theologian, scientist, painter, musician, Shakespearean scholar, archaeologist—he was a great master of English prose. About that fact there should no longer be any uncertainty. Important many of his ideas and observations may be, but dredged from his books into a doctor's dissertation they lose their brilliance. His style is the very perfection of English, combining sinewy vernacular strength with classic point and urbanity. No style could be more English. Its humor, its irony, its moments of restrained eloquence, its tincture of archaism—for good English does not forget Shakespeare and the Bible—even its carelessness of the larger structural units are native. No other writer of his generation so embodies the essential English virtues and failings. That, perhaps, is why foreigners find him so full of charm, and why Englishmen have been a little slow in recognizing his extraordinary merits. Crank and amateur that he was, one would no longer like to think of Victorian literature without him. To that literature he contributed "Erewhon," "Alps and Sanctuaries," "The Way of All Flesh," and the "Notebooks"—four unique and precious volumes—and on everything that he wrote, even on his rash forays into Shakespearean and Homeric scholarship, he set the stamp of a strong, likable, rugged, original personality.

GEORGE GENZMER

Wilson as Educator

Woodrow Wilson. Life and Letters. Youth, 1856-1890. Princeton, 1890-1910. By Ray Stannard Baker. Two volumes. Doubleday, Page and Company. $10.

ONE hesitates to affirm, on the basis of this first instalment, that Mr. Baker has in hand a really great biography, but there is no doubt whatever that he has launched an exceptionally interesting and important one. His failure to reach the highest plane, if failure it shall turn out to be, will be due mainly to two limitations, both of which, the one indirectly and the other directly, have been self-imposed. The first is the fact that he was for a number of years, and those the years of Wilson's greatest prominence, in close and even confidential relations with Wilson, and, eventually, the chosen biographer and political and personal interpreter. The second is his deliberate decision to keep his book within the narrower limits of biography by "using only enough of a setting of historical fact to explain the course of the man." It is to his credit that he appears to have avoided, as well as anyone in his position could, the pitfall of hero-worship and the atmosphere of thick-and-thin devotion which Wilson's admirers delight to breathe. It is also true that the general historical setting is less important for the period covered by the present volumes than for the eventful years which follow. If, however, Mr. Baker completes his elaborate work on the lines on which it has been begun, we shall have a biography which, although filled to repletion with the sifted details of Wilson's acts and thoughts, will nevertheless fall short of giving us the unbiased personal appraisal and just historical placement which the career of Wilson, for a few momentous years one of the most commanding personalities the world has ever known, preeminently demands.

The primary interest of these first two volumes, ending as they do with Wilson's retirement from Princeton University to become Governor of New Jersey, is, of course, personal rather than public. It was not Wilson's remarkable career at Princeton, with its record of inspiring teaching and its great fight over the reorganization of the institution, that made him a national political figure but, rather, his writings and speeches on public questions, put out in profusion with Princeton as a vantage ground, and giving, in appearance at least, a practical and hopeful direction to a national sensitiveness which Roosevelt's mixture of sweeping attacks and counsels of perfection stirred to ferment. What was achieved in this direction, as Mr. Baker skilfully shows, was about as near to a fulfilment of a deliberate purpose as the fortuities of human experience ever permit. From his youth Wilson meant to do great things in the field of statesmanship, and for the attainment of that greatness he planned his studies and, in the main, systematically ordered his life.

Looking back over the years which ended with the withdrawal from Princeton one perceives, not, indeed, more surely than before Mr. Baker wrote but more clearly and with assured corroboration, the nature of Wilson's intellectual and moral equipment and the way in which it was accumulated. He was self-confident, albeit the record does not show conceit. He had a powerful will and dominating temper, but also, curiously, a rare capacity for winning and holding friends. A Calvinist in religion, he accepted without disturbing doubt the general tenets of a theological system which enmeshed God in the obligations of a logical process, and committed truth to the guardianship of a predestined elect. His chief intellectual interest was in the theory of politics, the principles, so-called, which underlie the structure and operations of the state, and in certain practical applications of theory in a democratic society. To these were added a vivid literary style, not by any means free from blemishes and increasingly over-wrought, but grateful to the ears of a generation which was pausing between the decadent periods of a moribund Victorianism and the uneasy emphasis of a literary jazz; a rare facility in phrase-making, an impressive power of public speech, altogether remarkable ability in exposition and defense, and the gift of stirring in average men a virile confidence in their desire to do right.

Never before, surely, had an American political leader possessed so varied an equipment or one so easily adapted to work either good or bad. What was lacking in the Wilson kit was, principally, a recognition of the power of certain low traits of individuals and societies. Mr. Baker's pages seem to make it clear that Wilson's reading, wide as it was in these earlier years, did not much concern itself with history, especially the modern history of Europe, save as a kind of elementary background of his ethical and political speculations. Exceptionally confident, it would seem, of the soundness and integrity of his own opinions and motives, he had apparently come to believe that people in general could be induced to maintain the same high level of political thinking to which he had risen, and that an end which he himself deemed good might be commended invincibly to others by sheer force of persuasion and moral appeal. It was a great conviction, worthy of his altogether extraordinary hope, but there was another world of vulgar politics and unscrupulous self-seeking in which he must in due time test its strength.

For the rest, Mr. Baker offers us an attractive picture of Wilson as student, teacher, university president, and man. Wilson worked methodically, tirelessly, and more than once beyond the limits of his physical strength, struggled with professorial poverty, soaked his mind in good literature, carried himself with a distinction that did not alienate, married happily, and made his home a place of charm. His zest for sport was keen, he knew how to relax without losing dignity, and the head of the table was more often than not the place where he sat. In the academic world of America, still parochial but expanding, he made himself a unique figure, and while Mr. Baker's account of the Princeton imbroglio leaves it still un-

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certain on which side, considering Princeton's past, the greater merit lay, the reforms which Wilson championed with zeal if not with diplomacy have brought him something of the honor of a prophet elsewhere. There are no dull pages in these well-written volumes, and even the reader who cares for Wilson least will find it hard to leave the volumes unfinished once they have been begun.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Jew and Gentile in America

The Island Within. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

ONLY the most hardened of hack reviewers would consider Ludwig Lewisohn's novel simply as a piece of fiction to be gauged as such by the standard measurements of plot and prose, character and crisis. For, however much the story of "The Island Within" merits consideration—and it is a stirring tale, playing on the emotions like a Wagnerian overture—the ideas inherent in it and extrinsic to it demand greater consideration and more earnest attention.

Let me not be misunderstood. Primarily this is fiction. *Pièce à thèse* though it may be called, it is no treatise. The reader who buys a novel for the fable will not be cheated by this book; she can be promised a full measure of the thrill of conflict and the excitement of lust, the gnawing of misery and the relief of compassion which go into the making of both great and popular fiction. But, above and beyond the story, there is what Mr. Lewisohn chooses to call "a constant sense of the streaming generations . . . of the true character of man's magnificent and tragic adventure between earth and sky." In other words, here are problems more important than the question whether Arthur will divorce Elizabeth, whether Hazel will win back her gallivanting husband, whether Joe will blow his brains out like Victor or succumb to a more horrible fate.

Mr. Lewisohn is driven to discuss the more basic and more significant relationships of which these personal incidents are but concrete expressions not merely because he has taken the entire enigma of Jewish-Gentile adjustment in America as his theme but also because temperamentally he must go to the root of the matter, whether his medium be a poem, a critique, or a novel. One may well explain this temperament in the words of Gissing's confession: "I can get savage over social iniquities, but, even then, my rage at once takes the direction of planning revenge in artistic work." Mr. Lewisohn justifies this urge in a characteristic manner. "If a story does not teach by example," he declares, "it is no story; it has no truth. For let men see truth and they will hasten to apply it to themselves."

"The Island Within" has this truth. Moreover, it is filled with a great many arresting truths, for its author is a wise man and keenly aware of the pertinent facts of life. But, on the other hand, it contains a shocking number of statements and situations which simply are not true. Again and again Mr. Lewisohn begs the question, confuses issues, and handicaps characters. As the above quotation clearly shows, Mr. Lewisohn is an idealist—some would call him a sentimentalist with a distaste for Pollyanna—and, inspired by his idealism, he too often forces the moral stencil of *should be* over the practical reality of *is*. He does not seem to realize that his chauvinism is not less jingoistic than that of any junker merely because it is defensive rather than belligerent. Despite his years of teaching in New York schools he is capable of writing: "having, like all Jews, antennae of the mind"; despite a critical intelligence of the highest order, he is as ready to sanctify things and ideals as a Russian priest. He splits hairs like any Chassidic philosopher: "that will to mere existence, mere continuity, forever to be distinguished from a will to power or dominance, is a sacred thing."

Finally, though this reviewer is in complete accord with Mr. Lewisohn's premise that at present a self-respecting Jew cannot be assimilated in America, he must confess that the proof in this novel is not altogether convincing. Arthur Levy breaks with Elizabeth Knight and seeks solace in a Jewish mission not through any conflict of Jewish and American life-modes but because Arthur is basically a nineteenth-century bourgeois who seeks a Victorian domesticity and who would confine his wife's activities to kitchen, church, and children, whereas Elizabeth is a member of the "younger generation," hectically liberated, slightly undersexed, and completely irreligious.

This situation, not particularly Jewish, is none the less vital; just as important and more Jewish is the problem of Hazel, the dilemma of Joe Goldman, the pitiful masquerade of the amateur Gentiles. In his extraordinarily powerful indictment of the Jewish literary crowd in New York City, Mr. Lewisohn reaches his highest point of social perception and eloquent expression. The sensitive will, undoubtedly, accuse him of sensationalism and lack of pride; as a matter of fact, his disclosures are restrained in manner and motivated by the pride of complete confession. Here as well as in his treatment of the apostasy of the German Levys the author is on surest ground, and he undoubtedly achieves the ideal he has set for his story—to teach by example.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Collapse of a Crusade

Fateful Years: 1910-1916. By Sergei Dimitrievitch Sazonov. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.

Russland und der Weltkonflikt. Von Friedrich Stieve und Max Montgelas. Berlin: Verlag für Kulturpolitik.

Au Service de la France. Neuf Années de Souvenirs. Vol. IV, L'Union Sacrée, 1914. Par Raymond Poincaré. Paris. Librairie Plon.

Neutrale Komitees und Gelehrte über die Kriegsschuld. Herausgegeben von der Neutralen Kommission Norwegens. Oslo: Nationaltrykkeriet.

NO writer on behalf of the Entente has offered as convincing an argument for the extreme revisionist position upon responsibility for the World War as Sazonov unwittingly brings forward in his official defense of his policy. He bases his chief indictment of Germany upon the fact that on July 29-30, 1914, the Kaiser did not accept the Czar's proposal to refer the Austro-Serbian dispute to the Hague; but the Russian documents show that on the 27th the Czar had made the same proposal to Sazonov, while there was yet plenty of time, and Sazonov contemptuously ignored the whole proposition. Even more amazing, Sazonov condemns the Kaiser for not following an unprecedented diplomatic action in regard to the Hague, while he himself confesses that he paid no attention to German or Austrian diplomatic proposals after he learned of the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia on July 28, but moved ahead resolutely with his war preparations so as to lose no time whatever. A similar account was given to the reviewer in person by Baron Schilling in Paris last summer. Sazonov thus offers full confirmation of Dobrorolski's assertion that Russian diplomacy during the crisis was but the barrage for the Russian military preparations designed to provoke a European war. It is an adequate commentary upon the nature of Sazonov's work to learn that he has not used the genuine documents on the crisis of 1914 as published by Stieve, Marchand, and Romberg, but, incredible though it may seem, cites the abridged and falsified "Orange Book" of the war period. One is not surprised to find Sazonov stating that he was led to secure general mobilization in the mid-afternoon of July 30 because of a telegram—a false report of German mobilization—which we now know was sent from Berlin at 12:20 on the following morning!

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Sazonov's inaccuracies and misrepresentations laid him open to nothing less than massacre by experts, and the funereal ritual has been executed with promptness, dignity, and absolute finality by Dr. Stieve and Count Montgelas in a work as long as Sazonov's original treatise. Stieve deals with the period from 1910 to 1914, while Montgelas treats of the crisis of 1914. These two German masters of their respective subjects proceed with the utmost calmness and precision, taking up Sazonov's contentions point by point and refuting them through the citation of the relevant and unchallengeable documents. Probably no other statesman in history has been so ruthlessly held out before the public gaze in such crushing and humiliating fashion. Russia, with her intense need for the Straits and her previous exhaustion of every diplomatic method of obtaining them, possessed a very good case for war, but her documents on the period from 1913 to 1914 make it impossible for her statesmen to pretend that she worked for peace in the seven months prior to August, 1914. Instead of stating the Russian position honestly and logically and maintaining the justification of a war from the standpoint of vital Russian interests, Sazonov tries to present Russia in the guise of the protector of small nations and the apostle of pacifism. As a result, Stieve and Montgelas have been able, without the slightest heat, to brand him for all time as a liar where he is not an ignoramus.

Poincaré is less naive and reckless than Sazonov, even though the net result of his apology is no more impregnable or convincing. By the uninformed, not aware of what he overlooks, his book will be regarded as a rather conclusive defense of French innocence, and even the expert must follow the text closely to detect his contradictions and logical inconsistencies. It is as good a case as a French statesman could make for French policy in 1914. In general, Poincaré follows the same procedure that he did in his earlier lectures on the origins of the war and his famous article in *Foreign Affairs*, namely, that of attacking his enemies rather than answering the charges against himself. He still seeks to defend France by denouncing Germany and Austria. There is also the inevitable lengthy soliloquy on the subject of *la France innocente*. Poincaré denies that he stated, when he landed at Dunkirk on the morning of July 29, that it would be a shame to avert war, as France would never again find herself in as good a position for the inevitable conflict; but the reviewer obtained reconfirmation of the story this summer from a most reputable eyewitness who was present and whose record for veracity is certainly superior to that of the man who connived at the almost unbelievable falsifications in the French "Yellow Book" and then used these false documents as authentic in his book on the origins of the war, abandoning them only when their falsity was publicly exposed by Georges Demartial.

Demartial has with great glee indicated in *Plain Talk* that in the present book Poincaré has been compelled to abandon the false texts of several of the most important documents in the "Yellow Book" which he used in his "Lectures." But he nowhere mentions the fact that these are not the same documents he originally cited, that the documents used in the "Lectures" were false, and that he knew they were false when he cited them in 1920. Only the expert would know these facts and there are not many experts likely to read his book. But even more striking and illuminating is the fact revealed by Count Montgelas, namely, that where an authentic document in the "Yellow Book" has proved embarrassing Poincaré has not even hesitated to falsify that. The most damaging example is on page 386 of his "Union Sacrée," dealing with the most crucial point with respect to French responsibility. He here states that he had Viviani, at 7 a.m. on July 30, send a telegram to St. Petersburg urging the *Russians* to refrain from any steps leading to partial or complete mobilization of their army. If this were true, then the indictment against France would have to be greatly softened in spite of Poincaré's record from January, 1912, to his return from Russia on July 29, 1914. But the "Yellow Book" states that the actual telegram sent by Viviani advised the Russians not to take any steps openly which would give the *Germans* a pretext for either a partial or a complete counter-mobilization of their forces. Messimy advised the Russians to speed up their mobilization in secret. We know from comparison with several related documents that the "Yellow Book" is correct in this case. As if the "Yellow Book" were not sufficiently forged and distorted already, when an oversight in the falsifying work of Berthelot (who prepared it) now proves a stumbling-block to Poincaré's apologia the great Lorrainer does not hesitate to provide a new version suitable to his needs! Some of Poincaré's historical supporters, among them Renouvin, have been taken aback at Montgelas's prompt exposure of this amazing new forgery and have attempted to excuse Poincaré on the ground that the version he set forth in the "Union Sacrée" is a misprint. But the passage is the most crucial one in the whole book, and it is quite incredible that Poincaré and the eminent publicists and historians who aided him could have overlooked a mistake which completely revolutionizes the whole relation of France to the outbreak of the war. The forged telegram cited by Poincaré also agrees with the immediate context where it is cited in the book. What would Bernadotte Schmitt say if he were to find something of this sort in the writings of Berchtold or Jagow?

The Neutral Commission on responsibility for the World War, as directed by Dr. Herman Harris Aall of Norway, has now submitted a conclusive report in 435 pages completely repudiating the Versailles verdict of the exclusive responsibility of the Central Powers for the coming of the World War in 1914. These are, indeed, hard days for the straw-clutchers!

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Mrs. Jefferson Davis

Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis. By Eron Rowland. The Macmillan Company. $4.

THERE is no one living, probably, so well qualified to be the biographer of Varina Davis, wife of the President of the Confederacy, as Mrs. Eron Rowland, wife of the State historian of Mississippi, and herself, for some years, an assistant in the State's Department of Archives and History. She has set herself to the task of writing a full-length and definitive biography of a woman of extraordinary charm and intelligence, and the first volume, which brings us to Mr. Davis's Presidency, is before us. It bears the evidence of a meticulously careful preparation, and reads like a romance of a dead day. The proud daughter of the Whig aristocracy (which was a bit shocked at her union with a Democrat) emerges from these pages a vivid personality. There is no attempt at psychoanalysis. Indeed one gathers that there was nothing in the character of Mrs. Davis calling for the probe. She was what she was quite frankly. While writing with manifest sympathy, the biographer conceals nothing of minor defects—such as an overconsciousness of patrician qualities in the earlier years and a tendency to laugh too readily over the crudities of the less favored in social graces. These are overshadowed, however, by the woman's ineffable charm.

Seldom have we found such a satisfying revelation of the social life and standards of the ante-bellum aristocracy of the Old South. Others have often described the homes and customs; here we have the mental processes of these patricians. Others have introduced us into the drawing-rooms; here we are permitted to rummage among the books of the libraries and to listen to the conversations. This is one of the delights of the story told—this and the gossipy chapters on the social life in Washington as viewed by a Congressman's wife living in a boarding-house, and later as a Senator's wife and a lady of the Cabinet in the socially golden days of the Pierce Administration.

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The life of Mrs. Davis was so intimately interwoven with that of her husband that we are given innumerable revealing sidelights on the character of Jefferson Davis. A chivalric figure he is throughout, from the moment that he rode proudly into Varina Howell's life at the house party in the forties; and he is shown throughout as a gallant gentleman of personal charm and intellectual brilliance. The time has come when the North can read such a book with sympathy and appreciation.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Mrs. Wylie's Prose

Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard. By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MRS. WYLIE'S most recent piece of literary embroidery is concerned with the tragic fortunes of one Mr. Hazard, an early-nineteenth-century romantic poet whose sensitive spirit beats its gauzy wings in vain against the rock-like brutalities of middle-class England. Mrs. Wylie assures us that she is not offering a fictional portrait of Shelley. True, it is not an exact portrait; but there are so many reminiscences of Shelley's career, so many hints and suggestions, that of Mr. Hazard we may say that he is at any rate a cable photograph of the Orphan Angel. Those who share Mrs. Wylie's passion for the Angel will weep over this slight tale as she herself did while composing it. Those who are not so easily moved by the delicacies of romanticism and who react with nothing but irritation to Mr. Hazard's vague and weary spiritual and physical attenuations will find the book emotionally unsatisfactory. Her more sentimental readers will luxuriate gently in this book which is redolent of the Shelleyan sadness, the Shelleyan volatility, and the Shelleyan level of arrested development, commonly called Absorption in Beauty. Whether one is moved or not really depends upon one's education—a fact significantly indicative of the depth of the book.

There are many, however, who will reject with impatience Mrs. Wylie's boring hero and her simplified minor characters (such as that naive incarnation of vulgar villainy, Mr. Hodge) and remain enthusiastic over Mrs. Wylie's prose. The present writer frankly admits his allegiance to the puzzled minority which sees in Mrs. Wylie's style an instrument brilliantly applicable to lyrical poetry but essentially unsuited to the narrative requirements of the novel. In a way, it stands in direct contrast with Mr. Wilder's prose where all the jutting anfractuosities of beautiful decoration have been remorselessly filed away. But it is these which furnish the very basis of Mrs. Wylie's prose, an unconcernedly organized mosaic of brilliant details, each one interesting and arresting—and for that very reason murderously destructive of the desired total effect of beauty. No matter how smooth its rhythm, how perfectly articulated the relationship of its clauses, each sentence bears the marks of struggle for effect.

> Mr. Hazard walked home by moonlight; the dust seemed impalpable as air beneath his tread. He had forgotten all that austere and patient schooling with which he had sought to inform his mind during the last difficult years, or else his temerity was mocking its lessons in a mood of reckless elation. He had drunk several cups of green tea, but its pale infusion was not sufficient cause for the powerful impulse of joy which bore him onward along an airy path of moonlight. His everyday tastes would have bid him listen for a nightingale under the flying arches of the wood, but tonight he did not bother about nightingales. The singing of the blood in his ears was set to a light vivacious measure, and he would have been sorry to have its sacred levity darkened by the voice of a bewailing nightingale.

To some this may appear lovely, to others simply confusing. The latter will consider it decadent prose of the worst type, jewelry prose, a collection of elegant trifles masquerading as a unit paragraph. How roundabout it is, how carefully slight irrelevancies are intruded that some unforeseen tiny brilliance may enjoy its little moment of triumph! What vain art was exercised to compass the neat surprise of that "pale infusion"! How cleverly the last two sentences bring in an irrelevant nightingale to please the reader with a sweet poetic association! This is magnificent artifice—carried for me to the point of exquisite ennui.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Old Fences and New Surveys

America and French Culture: 1750-1848. By Howard Mumford Jones. University of North Carolina Press. $5.

IT is plain to a blind man that something is happening to the old fences that so long set off the prim garden of American literature from the vulgar outlying fields of thought. The new surveys which the younger generation is running everywhere across the familiar landscape seem to make no account of traditional landmarks or of the validity of vested reputations. Meadow and field and garden are thrown into common domains utterly regardless of long-established boundaries. Mr. Jones is a member of the small group that is trying to humanize the study of American literature in our schools, and it is clear that he is displeased with the earlier surveys. He thinks none too well of the textbook historians of American literature, and he will not accept their tight little classifications that rule out pretty much everything he is interested in. Before an adequate history of our literature can be written, he suggests, a new survey of the entire American scene must be run, and our encompassing social history be brought to bear on literary history. We must know more about American culture before we can write intelligently about American literature.

As a contribution to this necessary work he offers a study of one phase of our cultural backgrounds—the influence of France during a century of our existence. Encyclopedic in range, the study covers a wide diversity of fields, from the lesser fields of cookery and dress and polite amusements to literary modes, philosophies, schools of painting, architecture, and music, and social and political theories. All is grist that comes to his mill, and much of it is excellent. In attacking so broad and elusive a theme Mr. Jones was confronted with difficulties. He must get familiarly at home upon the total American scene in order to evaluate the several forces at work; and he must search out in a thousand obscure places the scattered evidence of Gallic influence. As a historian he is a liberal who bases his philosophy of history on economics. For guides he turns to such left-wing students as Simons and Beard, as well as to Turner and Schlesinger and Becker and Alvord and the entire school of economic and social historians. Instructed by them he discovers America to have been three different and often antagonistic worlds, which he distinguishes as the cosmopolitan, the bourgeois, and the frontier; and his problem differentiates itself into the question of the appeal of French culture to these several Americans. By the term cosmopolitan he distinguishes upper-class society, whether landed gentry, provincial merchants, or an incipient plutocracy—a leisure class given to what Veblen calls "conspicuous waste," and receptive to Old World influences. By bourgeois he distinguishes the emerging middle class, serious, prudential, puritan, anxious for prosperity both in this world and the next, suspicious of French graces especially if they were exemplified by Roman Catholics; and by frontier he distinguishes the callow equalitarian and individualistic spirit that regarded all Europe as effete.

In pursuit of his materials Mr. Jones has gone to magazines, newspapers, accounts of travelers, and a thousand fugitive sources, with the result that he has assembled an impressive mass of evidence that he marshals with skill. His footnotes are almost as rich as his text, and in them one finds a fund of addi-

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tional information often amusing and picturesque. It has long been vaguely known, of course, that French thought penetrated widely in America during post-Revolutionary days with the help of such men as Paine and Barlow and Freneau and Brockden Brown, not to mention Jefferson, and that the movement was furthered by English liberals like Godwin, Priestley, and Mary Wollstonecraft. But Mr. Jones has gone far afield in his search and has gathered new evidence that proves how much more widely French influence penetrated America than has been commonly believed. The result is an important study of *Kulturgeschichte* that puts all students of the American past in his debt. Among the current works dealing with our cultural backgrounds this searching study will hold a distinguished place.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

The Glory That Was Maya

The Story of the American Indian. By Paul Radin. Boni and Liveright. $5.

FATE pursues our popular accounts of the American Indian. The lay imagination has never really been caught by the diversity of language and material objects and customs that makes the different areas of aboriginal America as unlike as glass beads, and every writer must decide for himself on what string the beads shall be strung to make a proper pattern. It is here that there must operate some magic of the moon, so inevitable is the compulsion which seems to attend the choice; the theme each book hits upon is the theme of the Indians' derivation from some romantic people, the degeneration of their culture from some more glorious past. The first literature that was written on the Redskins derived them from the lost tribes of Israel; in the last book the deus ex machina is the Toltec.

The picture which Mr. Radin draws of the prehistory of North America is pleasantly schematic. At its commencement the civilizations in Central America and Peru are in full flower, but the civilization of Central America, the Maya, was forced out of its homeland, maintained itself near by for a time as the Toltec, "took boats," and landed at the mouth of the Mississippi as the Moundbuilders. The entire culture of North America, with the exception of certain portions of the Far North, is thenceforth a disappearance and a forgetting, a "degeneration and a loss of old identities," through which it is nevertheless still possible to trace faint gleams of the old illumination.

Even as a literary device this motif is difficult to handle, for with all the author's care the beads simply will not make a convincing pattern. The book breaks in the middle. And it should be clearly recognized that except as a literary device the motif has no justification. Scientifically it has no standing; there is probably no American ethnologist who would admit Mr. Radin's scheme, and Mr. Radin himself would be the last person willing to argue the point scientifically, weighing the evidence for such a mass movement of peoples on the basis of known chronology and the comparative data of physical anthropology.

It is not altogether clear why the human imagination finds it so much more romantic and satisfactory to see in simple phenomena the scattered gleams of old glory rather than the diverse elements on which in some more favored time and place a complex culture was builded. The romantic appeal of Mr. Radin's scheme is the same as that of Elliot Smith's, which traces the broken gleams of Egypt over the old and new worlds and the islands of the sea. Intensive studies of ethnological phenomena have always discredited such schemes, and if we are seriously interested in the growth and interrelations of human cultures it is clear that they can no longer be our guiding clues. It is as if we insisted on reading the cultures of all the Semitic peoples as disintegrations of the splendor of the Hebrews in the reign of Solomon. Fortunately we know historically that the civilizations of the old Jews and the simpler Arabs were several parallel though differing embodiments of a parent tradition; that the one flowered in the Hebrew ritual, the other in the Mohammedan. Intimate historical knowledge has kept us hard at work understanding the peculiar intricacies and achievements of several complexly related cultures.

We can never have the same intimate historical knowledge of the background of the American Indian, but the upshot of present studies is clearly a more complex version of the picture forced on us by such histories as the Semitic. In North and South America we find an abundance of different individualized groups out of the elements of whose simpler cultures the great achievements of the Mayas and Incas were born. And when the art and wealth and ritual of these centers of higher culture spread out to simpler tribes, these elements reached them not as echoes out of their own mystically retained racial memory but as separate traits or material objects seen and admired—or, it might be, feared—among actual flesh and blood peoples, their neighbors. From this point of view the chief interest of the cultural process lies in the fashion in which group after group caught up these traits into its own pattern, into its own personality, as it were, and wove them into the unique and authentic pattern of its own culture—matter enough for a book on the American Indians.

It is significant that it is just where Mr. Radin is not preoccupied with his scheme of tracing out faint gleams of old splendor that he is at his best. In the first chapter he has not yet posed his thesis and he gives a vivid picture of life in a Winnebago village; and in his chapter on the Northwest Coast Indians, where it is not possible to make a claim for any least roots in Toltec achievement, he has turned again to the life of the people. He is rid of his preoccupation and free to lift the curtain a little on the proceedings of a bizarre and intriguing people. Even here we are not shown the daily life, its ease or its struggles; but we do get some idea of what road a man takes to raise himself in his tribe, what virtues he cultivates, what aids he lays hold on, some idea of those cultural evaluations that make all primitive regions as definitely individualized as eccentric old village characters.

Mr. Radin has always until this past year confined himself in his writings to specific technical problems. He has written this book in the spirit of a romantic holiday, and some of the guesses he hazards are provocative and worth gathering evidence for and against. But it is unfortunate that a book written for those who are not ethnologists should be so oblivious of careful work and conclusions. The public should not have to check up this picture. And I cannot help suspecting that a host of lay readers would have read more eagerly a book that told of the Indians as of a people with loves and hates and symbols and ambitions and not instead as dehumanized pawns upon an historical chessboard.

RUTH BENEDICT

Disraeli

Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

WAS there any gold amidst the glittering tinsel in Disraeli's intellectual make-up? His dual role as novelist and statesman has increased the difficulties of finding his true place in history. Does Disraeli seem to lack solid accomplishments in the field of statesmanship, then one turns with admiration to the political philosopher in "Coningsby" and "Sybil." Does he lack the imagination of the novelist in the art of character construction, then one turns to the only statesman in the "Little England" of Gladstone who had the imagination to envisage the British Commonwealth of Nations. A genius Disraeli surely was, but only too often his policies were impro-

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vised tactics and his philosophy a studied blend of cynicism and romanticism. No one seems so profound as the cynic with a gift for literary expression.

To write a life of Disraeli is a standing temptation to clever biographers; the subject is fascinating and abundant information is conveniently located in the encyclopedic work of Buckle and Monypenny. M. André Maurois has produced a very entertaining and readable book, but one which adds neither to our knowledge nor to our understanding of Disraeli, as M. Maurois merely narrates in his own fashion what is already well known; and his comments and interpretations are uniformly conventional. Many are the disguises of the commonplace, but none more baffling than when it appears in blithe and witty French.

The great vogue of Disraeli was due chiefly to the fact that he was the comic spirit of British politics. His caustic wit, satirizing the stupidity of the Tories no less than the hypocrisy of the Whigs, first disconcerted the English public and then delighted it. He was the one antidote to the dull Peels, dry Cobdens, and sententious Gladstones who had accustomed their fellow-countrymen to regard party strife in the light of moral issues.

Disraeli came upon the political scene early in the nineteenth century when, under the banner of reform, a capitalist oligarchy was displacing a landed aristocracy in the control of public life. He realized that neither took cognizance of the working class that was stirring in the vasty deep of English society and was bound, sooner or later, to rise to the surface. He conceived the idea that the aristocracy could reestablish its power by allying itself with the workingmen and by awakening the dormant imperial sentiments of the nation, a strange mixture of social reform and imperialism. But the romance of aristocracy was dead; therefore Disraeli set about to create an upper-class mythology of a race of gentlemen drawing their inspiration from the green fields of England, a class whose power came not from privilege but from leadership. Even his latest biographer swallows this myth. In the manor-house was to be found "some sturdy ruddy-cheeked gentleman," writes M. Maurois, along with "a clear-eyed son, handsome daughters, mysterious and virginal. There lay the springs whence London drew its strength; thence came the men who upheld the empire for its Queen."

Whenever M. Maurois discusses the historical background of his hero he writes as if he were in an unfamiliar medium. He is in error when he states that during the Disraeli Ministry "law after law" was passed in favor of the working classes. Only a few relatively unimportant social-reform laws were enacted. Disraeli gave his chief attention to foreign affairs, and social reform had to wait until the advent of the new liberalism of Lloyd George. But when the author writes of Disraeli's personality he writes as one literary artist writes about another. The pages glow and sparkle. Especially interesting is his interpretation of Disraeli's relations with women. "Women," writes M. Maurois, "inspired him with a sentiment which was not sensual love, but rather a tenderness both humble and superior, a gentle and hidden fraternity of spirit." At every turn in his career Disraeli found a woman waiting to aid him. In his early youth it was his sister Sarah; then it was his wife; then Queen Victoria; and finally, in his old age, Lady Bradford. He won the regard of women not by flirting with them nor by complimenting them on their physical charms but by treating them as intellectual equals, or pretending to do so.

All his life long Disraeli suffered from his being a Jew. Although English born and bred, and a Christian by faith, he knew only too well that the curves of his silhouette were not those of his fellow-countrymen. His constant posing, first as a dandy, then as a sphinx, his bumptiousness, his straining for recognition even more than for power, all indicated his inward sense of inferiority. He shrewdly capitalized his complex, however, by becoming the "Hebrew conjuror" of Carlyle. He proudly acclaimed himself a Jew, and proceeded to create a legend of the romantic role of the Jews in history. In his novels Jews are generally described as mysterious heroes engaged in secret enterprises of great moment who appear at critical times gushing oracular wisdom. Disraeli's "Jewish jackasseries," as M. Maurois characterizes these writings, did succeed in impressing conservative Englishmen, for he came to be regarded by them as the savior of England from the Philistine Liberals at home and from the barbarous Russians abroad.

J. Salwyn Schapiro

The Bourgeois Tragedy

The Land of the Children. By Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky. Translated from the Russian by N. N. Selivanova. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THIS novel is the story of the first few hectic years of the Russian Revolution told from the wavering point of view of a typical Russian middle-class intellectual. In his narrative the author is vague and rambling—quite unlike the monarchist and communist writers, who, though usually one-sided, are at least always clear-cut and direct. In spite of its diffuseness, however, the novel is significant, for, together with its predecessor, "The Land of the Fathers" (1905), it unfolds on the epic background of mass-movements and individual tragedies a more or less authentic record of the twenty-year spiritual Odyssey of the writer himself as well as of that section of Russian society to which the writer belongs, the middle-class intelligentsia.

I have used the word "Odyssey"; perhaps "Calvary" would describe more aptly the anguish of the Russian middle class, which, by its very position, economic and social, was doomed to vacillation. For in prerevolutionary Russia modern industrialism had not yet made much headway, and the bourgeoisie, therefore, was too amorphous to have a consistent class ideology, and too weak to carry out any policy without adapting itself, according to circumstances, either to the upper or to the lower classes. Craving expansion, it was bound to pit its forces against the feudal aristocracy and the Romanov dynasty. In this struggle its strength lay in the discontented multitudes of workers and peasants. Hence the populist movement; hence the yearning for the revivifying breath of the "toiling masses"; hence the interminable talk about the "millennial debt we owe to our suffering, meek-eyed Mother Russia." Men like Orenburgsky, unconsciously expressing the economic and political longings of their class, composed paeans of faith in the "people's" goodness, its creative abilities, its sympathy; extolled the "touching beauty" of the people's soul, the "sacred essence" of its intuitions. In the name of this imaginary "people" they scattered their bones on the frozen fields of Siberia, languished in prisons and gloomy fortresses, perished on scaffolds and barricades. But when the crucial moment came, when the monarchy was overthrown, the middle class, including even erstwhile revolutionists, hastily clambered into the vacated saddle. It sensed power, and lost its head. Instead of joining in the "people's" aspirations toward peace, land, and freedom, it now allied itself with the rich landlords, became fired with imperialistic ambitions, began to echo the wishes of its European mentors, and in every way tried to frustrate any attempt of the masses to assert their revolutionary will. In its eyes the "People-God" had gradually changed into the "people-monster." And the people? Morose and suspicious, it pondered its own deep thought and nursed its own deep malice. At last, when the victory-flushed, self-adulating little Kerenskys had revealed the bourgeois essence of their grandiloquence, the frenzied "people-monster" pounced upon them, tossed them, gored them, and hurled them, scared, resentful, and angry, into the unspeakable inferno of exile and bewilderment.

It is from the standpoint of such a homeless, bewildered

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middle-class intellectual that "The Land of the Children" is written. His old dreams shattered, his pride wounded, his love spurned, his sacrifices unappreciated, the aged author finds himself in a spiritual No Man's Land. He is hated by the monarchist-fathers and despised by the communist-children. The uncertainty of his position is unbearable; he is determined to find an escape somewhere. The past is a nightmare; the present, a Satanic delusion; he rushes headlong into a mystical future, he embraces a vague religious nationalism. Russia, he declares in his final testament, is in the throes of a mystical upheaval, it has temporarily fallen victim to the reign of Antichrist. The soul of Russia, however, is undimmed. The time is coming when Christ shall conquer Antichrist and light shall triumph over darkness. The turmoil, the chaos, the hatred of these years shall fade into a vague memory. A new harmony shall descend upon the land. The Whites and the Reds, all poor, misguided children of Mother Russia, shall join in a brotherly embrace and hail the advance of the New Jerusalem. And all around an admiring world shall sing Hosanna.

Thus, having jilted his crude, plebeian, horny-handed Aldonsa, our wandering Knight of the Middle Order now chants his mystical love and heaves his romantic sighs at the altar of a remote, divinely beautiful Dulcinea! JOSHUA KUNITZ

A Scientist Turns to Art

Primitive Art. By Franz Boas. Oslo: Instituttet for Sammenlignende Kulturforskning. Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR BOAS has written an enlightening and characteristically uncontroversial book. Keeping himself exactly to the level of his subject, the distinguished anthropologist corroborates and illustrates from primitive art of many places and all times the principles which conscious artists know. They will surely agree with him as to the nature of the impulses which he finds operating in varying mold.

Necessarily he has given his attention to the mechanics of art, for he holds that form, a form made by man, is the first postulate of a work of art, and that before such form may be achieved repeatedly or at will there must be skilled technique. From skilled technique, out of the sheer exuberance of power over material, the craftsman plays, and develops design. Professor Boas can say with Von Bülow: "In the beginning there was rhythm," except that he does not leave it in the past tense nor does he stop at the beginning.

With this emotional-mechanical element there may come, apart from it or simultaneously with it, an intellectual phase, an idea, and that idea, in turn, may or may not be originally the desire to represent something—that is, to make a picture of it, a form-image. This can be plastically symbolic, in the sense that it is a formal image, or it can be mentally symbolic, or it can have an esoteric significance, given by the artist or later by interpreters.

Incidentally, Professor Boas settles certain troubled waters. Primitive man, at least contemporary primitive man, is neither the cloudy communicant with mystic spheres, nor the miserable, grubby unprogressed. In Africa, Alaska, New Mexico, the South Seas, "everywhere . . . the mental processes of man are the same . . . regardless of race and culture, and regardless of the apparent absurdity of beliefs and customs."

> The behavior of everybody, no matter to what culture he may belong, is determined by the traditional material he handles. . . . Our much-admired scientific training has never proved a safeguard against the seductiveness of emotional appeals, just as little as it has prevented the acceptance as gospel truth of the grossest absurdities, if presented with sufficient energy, self-assertion, and authority. . . . Each culture can be understood only as an historical growth determined by the social and geographical environment in which each people is placed and by the way in which it develops the cultural material that comes into its possession from the outside or through its own creativeness.

This traditional material, therefore, in behavior as well as in art (plastic, graphic, dramatic), is a style. The object is "to attempt to determine the dynamic conditions under which art styles grow up." The analogy holds because art is universal.

So much for general considerations. The great part of the book is given over to measuring the wheels and watching them go round, in a rhythm that ticks out these ideas and others more intimately derived from the nature and movement of the wheels. This examination reveals, for instance, how an artist of the Northwest coast of the United States conceives a killer-whale, given the tribal tradition, the point of view as to what makes an image of a killer-whale, the kind of material he uses, and the changes of the image to different forms, such as a spoon or a totem-post; and how a Peruvian weaver can create with skilful technique a complex rhythm of color and forms; and how complexities of rhythm come into native chants. One may perceive how one design is borrowed from its birth-technique and adopted by another—such as wood-carving inspired by weaving, and weaving by painting, and painting by other painting. Different styles may exist in one culture contemporaneously, and sometimes a difference may exist between men's and women's art. There are indivisible relationships between music and poetry. One can sense general principles, as yet not entirely formulated, from watching even the smallest wheels interlock.

For delight in pictures, or in pretty poetic phrasings, embroideries, and speculations, this is not the book. It is an honest, hard piece of work, with the kind of material in it to satisfy a craftsman. There is no food for nostalgia, no fizz for the dilettante. Because it is shaped to its subject, and its subject is the sincere conscientious product of untheoried artists, it is healthy bread to chew. ANITA BRENNER

An Open Letter

Henry Hudson. By Llewelyn Powys. The Golden Hind Series. Edited by Milton Waldman. Harper and Brothers. $4.

THOSE of us who have followed your work with ever-increasing satisfaction, Mr. Powys, are a little puzzled and disappointed by this, your latest book. We may have thought your 'prentice work, "Thirteen Worthies," a bit thin; but your "Black Laughter" and "Ebony and Ivory" gave us the incommunicable thrill that is invariably aroused by the perusal of something primordially fresh and strange. For in those two books you stripped bare, so to speak, the soul of that soulless continent, Africa—a land that we had previously known only as the habitat of snooping missionaries, hideously beringed savages who speak in grunts and clicks, acres of diamonds in King Solomon's Mines, or impossibly romantic Gagools and Nylepthas as seen through the ferret eyes of hunter Allan Quatermain. The multitudes of pictures you gave us—pictures of animals and men fighting, writhing, loving, begetting, and dying under a stark and brazenly indifferent tropic sky—seemed to us far more exciting than the furthest stretches of wild romance. And then, in "Skin for Skin," you put your own soul under the scalpel, and in a style touched with frigid fire you gave us, in the narrative of your fight against tuberculosis, an intimately autobiographical record of individual suffering that expressed a universality of woe.

And now in this book you have written, as you explain, an "impartial" biography—you, who hitherto have pleased us just because you were forever partial, forever personal, and interesting chiefly on account of your bitter and biased likes and dislikes! You have not—and we can at least thank High Heaven for that—succumbed to the puerilities of the "new" school of biography; but you have apparently written a book to order, to form one of a series. You have even made an undoubted

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"contribution to scholarship" by digging up a dusty manuscript that has never before seen, and does not now particularly deserve to see, the light of day. Some of us have also yielded to the siren importunities of publishers. But the point is this: we believe that you are too rare a soul to become a literary jobman, even though we sincerely hope you'll make money on this particular performance; for with your usual frankness you have already related how little money your previous efforts have netted you. We have no intention of airing any banalities about the folly of sacrificing art for a bank account, since we quite appreciate the value of a checking account that isn't in perpetual danger of being overdrawn; but we wonder if the unswerving pursuit of your early literary loves might not in the long run benefit you more in a strictly financial sense than the worship of the muse before whom you have poured this unsatisfying libation. We have, to be sure, stumbled on a few passages that have the genuine ring. "I have scrambled through the underbrush of the Catskill Mountains, by ferny hollow and murmuring stream; and as my feet pressed down the leaf-mold, over-muffled with creeping arbutus, I have been aware of them and their long past, brushing against my consciousness like an echo, like the wind in the pine needles." A bit consciously literary, perhaps, like much of your work; but at least it expresses *you*. And then—you wallow in a dull mess of fact, and state where Henry Hudson probably, possibly, or perhaps was at such and such a time in such and such a place!

And so, Mr. Powys, we beg you to cease trying to be aloof and to become again just as nastily and lovingly personal as you were in "The Verdict of Bridlegoose." Give us no more scholarly concoctions that hundreds of others can brew as well as you can, but devote your pen once more to the depiction of the stabbing agony of a human being under the grip of implacable disease, to the quiet beauty of the Devonshire landscape, or to that remorseless continent where the eternal symphony of "Kill, Kill!" and "Blood, Blood, Blood!" rumbles and screams through the desert air.

R. F. DIBBLE

Books in Brief

The Man Who Knew Coolidge. Being the Soul of Lowell Schmaltz, Constructive and Nordic Citizen. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

One hardly sees how Mr. Lewis can go further than this book takes him along the line that has now become so familiar. There have been rumors that he intends to forget Mr. Babbitt and settle down to something both more solid and less safe. If that is so, Lowell Schmaltz may be the last of his maddeningly simple-minded heroes, the last of his tin-pan philosophers, the last of his fools in this particular category—for it is likely that Mr. Lewis will always be a satirist and hence on the lookout for fools. Schmaltz is handled better, certainly, than he would have been handled by any other American writer; the Pullman-car patter is perfect, and the mind of this business man, whose monologue is the sole material of the book, is turned inside out so completely as to be truly appalling in its emptiness. But that is the point; it is empty. Mr. Lewis's perfection grows wearisome when it has so little to exhibit itself upon. Why not let Babbittry bury itself beneath its own perpetual eloquence so that our greatest mimic in fiction may go on to other game?

W. E. Gladstone. By Osbert Burdett. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

A remarkable rehabilitation of Gladstone's political character has been one result of the publication of Queen Victoria's later letters and the exhibition of Disraeli's outrageous conduct during the last seven years of his life. No Mauroisian flippancy can make the aged Disraeli anything but a consummate cynic; but, on the other hand, no new biographer can find any unsuspected depths or even turns in Gladstone. Mr. Burdett has done a competent job, although it would not be difficult to argue that, falling into an all-too-common trick of the hour, he has repeated and emphasized far more than he should have done the supposed point of a casual remark of the young Gladstone to the effect that he was without the inner light. Mr. Burdett has been regarded as a member of the Squirearchy—that is, the group of younger writers revolving about the *London Mercury*. They are understood to have set for themselves a standard of correct and lucid writing. This being so, it is an odd circumstance that Mr. Burdett's monograph should contain a large number of sentences, not at all abstruse, which are virtually unintelligible at first reading.

The Knowledge of English. By George Philip Krapp. Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.

Professor Krapp, who is well known for his studies in American English, undertakes in his latest book "to indicate a manner of reducing to some kind of intelligible order the tangle of opinion and of unconscious habit which is present in the minds of English-speaking persons in the practical command of their native idiom." His book is not so much a complete treatise as a collection of thirty essays, always sober and sensible and sometimes remarkably illuminating, on various aspects of the English language. For the most part his point of view is that of the educated man with a sensitive linguistic conscience rather than that of the professional philologist.

Henry Clay Frick, the Man. By George Harvey. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

Another of those beautifully printed biographies about another commonplace American millionaire, written by another commonplace biographer in the usual commonplace style. If the public really wants books like this, perhaps there is no reason why publishers shouldn't produce them—and then again, perhaps there is no reason why they should.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Lewis Melville. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $6.

Here is a Victorian biography naked and unashamed, if such adjectives may properly be applied to anything Victorian. In the heyday of a school of biographers whose anemic sophistication is merely another form of sentimentality, Mr. Melville frankly and deliberately piles pathos on pathos in an endless succession of sugary sentences. His critical remarks are of little value, but his book is, as scholars are wont to say, thoroughly documented and freighted with an abundance of footnotes. The illustrations are really excellent.

The Toys of Peace. By Saki (H. H. Munro). The Viking Press. $1.75.

Beasts and Super-Beasts. By Saki (H. H. Munro). The Viking Press. $1.75.

The third and fourth volumes in the Saki series are now available in uniform edition with "The Unbearable Bassington" and the "Chronicles of Clovis." Like the "Chronicles," they are composed of all-too-short stories and sketches of malicious and delightful nature. Stimulating as they are, however, they distil at times the atmosphere of a three-ring circus. Mr. Munro has no sooner created several charming ladies and gentlemen than he suddenly divests them of all human qualities, so that they take on the appearance of trained seals tossing epigrams to and fro. Easily read, these tales give the impression of having been easily written. At any rate, they are not to be overlooked by the lover of the light satiric.

Machine-Gun Diplomacy. By J. A. H. Hopkins and Melinda Alexander. Lewis Copeland Company. $2.50.

Mr. Hopkins and Miss Alexander have pasted together a convenient scrap-book on American imperialism—Hubert Herring's story of Mexico, Dr. Gruening's history of Haiti,

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Toribio Tijerino's account of the bankers in Nicaragua, Dr. Inman's survey of the American empire in Latin America, Moorfield Storey's picture of imperialism in the Philippines, and have thrown these facts against the background of President Coolidge's Janus-faced speeches and the steady pressure of Wall Street expansion. They preach, as a remedy, the doctrine of self-determination expressed in the Nye resolution now before Congress.

Lily-Iron. By Mary Biggs. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

A remarkable first novel, written with power and sensitiveness. It is primarily a study of character, of the struggle between gentleness and evil in Jensen Romm, and is written with extreme leanness.

American Foreign Policies. By James W. Garner. New York University Press.

A learned and mellow critique of insular attitudes in foreign affairs. Twenty years ago the author collaborated with Henry Cabot Lodge in writing a four-volume history of the United States; today he represents Wilsonism at its best.

The Father of Little Women. By Honoré Willsie Morrow. Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

Mrs. Morrow makes an ardent and rather sentimental attempt to prove that Bronson Alcott, far from being an impractical visionary, was a "genius," an "intellectual giant," whose pedagogical ideas, derided by his own generation, would "stay the moral debacle that threatens our children's children" if they were employed today. Yet her numerous quotations from unpublished sources serve merely to affirm the opinion of Alcott's contemporaries—he might be a very beautiful and inspiring ship, but he had no rudder. Her book, however, will give genuine pleasure to those who are interested in the minutiae of the Transcendental Era, as well as those who relish extraordinarily detailed and vivid documents of human behavior.

Tarka the Otter. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A very moving biography of an English otter who when he died took his old enemy, Deadlock the hound, down with him to the bottom of the river.

Money and Monetary Policy in Early Times. By A. R. Burns. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

Mr. Burns brings together what is known of the history of money from the earliest times to the fall of Rome. It is a fascinating story, pieced together from scanty and scattered data, and it is a welcome substitute for the works of imagination that have too largely held sway in this field. It will doubtless be a standard authority until our knowledge of pre-history is greatly increased. Sixteen plates and a map add to its value.

Moving Pictures

Character and Drama

ALLOWING for the determined enthusiasm of the publicity agents, one feels that Hollywood is quite sincerely convinced of the outstanding artistic merit of "The Last Command" and "The Crowd"—two of the recent crop of "specials." This is of course as it should be in Hollywood. For my part, I fail to see much if anything in these two pictures that can be properly described as standing out. On the other hand, I see a great deal that stands decidedly below the level of achievement revealed by both Emil Jannings and King Vidor in their earlier work.

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One feels particularly sorry for Jannings. This very serious, inquiring, and gifted actor is succumbing to the slick efficiency of the rubber stamp and the perverse incompetence which seem to pervade the Hollywood studios. In "The Last Laugh" and "Variety"—thanks largely to the exceptional quality of the direction—Jannings's acting was the focusing center of a dynamic pattern. It sustained the ebb and flow of the emotional forces involved; it provided the high and low lights for the moments of tense, overcharged drama and for the moments of relaxation and comic relief. Characterization, more prominent in "The Last Laugh" than in "Variety," was mostly used for such a purpose, and therefore formed part and parcel of the dynamic pattern. In "The Way of All Flesh," however, characterization came much more to the fore, and thus inevitably threw the whole dramatic scheme out of balance. This was particularly emphasized by the excellence of Jannings's acting in the descriptive introduction of the story in contrast to the conventional treatment of the subsequent "dramatic" development.

"The Last Command" is a step still further away from an emotional pattern unfolded in visual images. Though selected obviously for the sake of its final scene—the pathetic "last command" of an old Russian general acting as a Hollywood extra—the story does nothing to rouse the spectator to the appreciation of this climax beyond picturing crudely, and at times rather stupidly, the events on the fighting front which brought about the overthrow of the generals. On the other hand, the portrait picture of the general, though it occupies half the film, comes nowhere near the subtlety and richness of Jannings's characterization in "The Way of All Flesh." The total effect is that the picture lacks distinction; it runs smoothly from scene to scene with the sleekness of an article made according to a well-known formula.

In "The Crowd" King Vidor, the director, had an opportunity for treating an interesting subject in an interesting way. He made a feeble attempt to avail himself of this opportunity, but abandoned it very soon. I am not surprised at his failure, since he seems to owe it to the same quality that insured his success in "The Big Parade." It will be recalled that the latter picture achieved its great distinction not through any original conception of cinematic drama but through its masterly treatment of very conventional material. It was daring in realistic detail while remaining romantic and sentimental in the general mood. In a word, "The Big Parade" was brilliant in its superficiality—which latter quality did not seem so objectionable because the scale of the picture demanded a big brush.

In "The Crowd" King Vidor was faced with a vastly different problem. The story of a young office clerk, one of the millions who make the wheels go round in such big cities as New York—called for a finer brush and a more delicate treatment than were necessary in "The Big Parade." Here was a psychological drama against a sociological background. For a daring interpretation in visual images dynamically organized there could have been no better opportunity. After a few faltering steps King Vidor decided the task was not for him. He rejected both psychology and sociology, and turned to "character" as his principal weapon. He chose his types with the same sureness of touch as in "The Big Parade"—types torn out of real, everyday life—and he applied to them the same treatment—farcical exaggeration and false emotion. As for the background, he showed some very striking views of skyscrapers, and one particularly striking picture of a large office; but he never attempted to relate these to the life-story of his hero, or to weave them into the emotional pattern of the picture. One technical innovation deserves notice—the use of the double exposure with a reduced image instead of the ordinary flash-back; the thoughts of a character are shown as images inside his head. But even in this there is subordination of cinematic effect to the requirements of crudely conceived realism.

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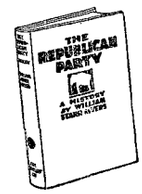

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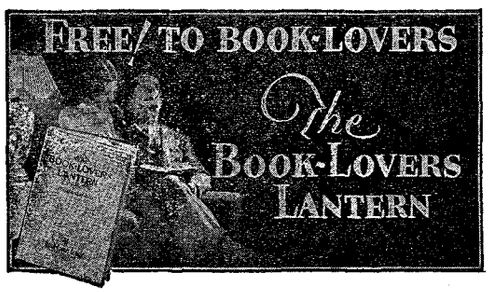

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